

The Grail

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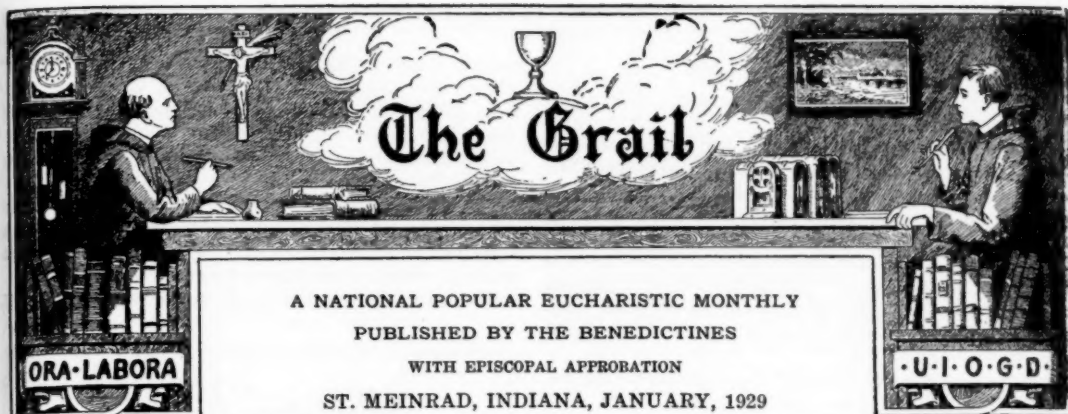
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Ittenbach

HALLOWED BE THY NAME!



Official Organ of the INTERNATIONAL EUCHARISTIC LEAGUE FOR THE UNION OF CHRISTENDOM

Happy New Year!

What the new year, just begun, has in store for us, we know not. Whether 1929 shall be replete with spiritual and temporal joys and success, or whether our cup of sorrow shall be filled to the brim, we have no means of anticipating. For Its own wise reasons Divine Providence keeps us in blissful ignorance thereof. Whatever veiled Future may have reserved for us, we trust that the new year may be one of abundant graces and blessings from on high for all our readers and their dear ones. Happy New Year to all!

Church Unity Octave

In the joyful Christmastide our hearts swelled with the happiness that radiated from the Divine Infant. As we knelt at the lowly crib we marveled at the greatness of love that compelled the beautiful Babe to leave the incomparable happiness of heaven and take up His abode among men. His mission was to bring us salvation, to leave with us the means of grace—the sacraments and prayer, by which we might attain to salvation, and to open the gates of heaven which had been closed to man by the sin of our first parents. Although in a few short years His earthly career came to an abrupt end on Mount Calvary, His mission, which He had confided to frail men—to the apostles and their successors—was to continue for all time, even to the end of the world, because all men were to be saved.

It is now nearly 2000 years since Bethlehem attained everlasting fame by giving to the world its Savior, yet only a small portion of the human race has profited by His coming. Comparatively few of the more than a billion and a half that inhabit the earth are Christians, and of these latter many have separated themselves from the flock of the Good Shepherd and have betaken themselves to pastures of their own choosing. For these "other sheep" (those that have wandered from the Fold, and those that have never known the Savior) the Church Unity Octave is kept from January 18—the feast of the Chair of St. Peter—to the 25th, when the Conversion of St. Paul is commemorated. On each

day of this Octave many fervent prayers are offered up throughout the world that all non-Catholic Christians, pagans, etc., may be brought into the fold of Christ, so that there may be but *one shepherd and one fold*.

The International Eucharistic League for the Union of Christendom prays every day of the year for the same intentions that are made the special object of prayer during the Church Unity Octave—that *all men may be one in Christ*. The intention for which the members of the International Eucharistic League make a brief daily offering, and for which they also offer up an occasional Holy Communion, is threefold: (1) union and harmony among the Catholics of the whole world; (2) the return of all Schismatics and Protestants to unity with Mother Church, from whose bosom rude factions tore them centuries ago; (3) the conversion to the true Faith of all other men: Jews, Mohammedans, pagans, etc.

The I. E. L. is a crusade of prayer with a maximum of purpose and a minimum of prayer. Its utter simplicity, together with the grand object it strives to attain, should make the League appeal to all who cherish the interests of the Sacred Heart. The editor of THE GRAIL will be glad to send certificates of admission to all who desire to affiliate themselves with the noble cause.

As one Non-Catholic Views it

In a letter to the *Catholic Sentinel*, Portland, Oregon, a non-Catholic business man thus expresses his views on a popular topic:

"I am," he says, "a subscriber for the San Francisco Argonaut and in reading the copy of the 10th inst., (Nov.), I was much struck with the fair and rational manner the editor treated the subject of the late presidential election...."

"It is claimed that the United States of America is a free country but it appears that it is literally filled with fanatics, bigots and uneducated ignoramuses who really ought to be enlightened for the amount of money that we spend for free schools—but of all the narrow-minded people, we certainly have our quota and over-

(Continued on page 420)

The Religious Life

By a HOLY CROSS BROTHER

A true vocation to the religious life is a signal and brilliant grace from Heaven, for St. Jerome says, "The religious life is the fairest flower in the garden of the Church; a sparkling jewel in the midst of her treasures." To this St. Lawrence Justinian adds: "To be a religious is a sign that one is already chosen to be a companion of the saints." Again he writes, "God has designedly concealed the happiness of the religious state because if it were known, all would relinquish the world and fly to religion."

Concerning the excellence of the vocation to the religious life, St. Alphonsus Ligouri affirms, "It is, next to holy baptism, the greatest grace God can bestow upon a soul."

The angelic doctor, St. Thomas, teaches: "It may be reasonably said that a person by entering religion obtains the remission of all sin. For, to make satisfaction for all sins, it is sufficient to dedicate one's self entirely to the service of God, by entering religion, which dedication exceeds all manner of satisfaction. Hence we read in the lives of the Fathers that they who enter into religion obtain the same grace as those who receive baptism." Is it any wonder, then, that St. Mary Magdalen of Pazzi asserts that the religious life "is the simplest, surest, shortest way to heaven"?

It associates us with Jesus Christ in the holy mission of saving souls: "Of all divine works, none is more divine than that of cooperating in the salvation of souls," according to the great Saint Denis.

"Zeal for the salvation of souls is of so great a merit before God, that to give up all our goods to the poor, or to spend our whole life in the exercise of all sorts of austerities, cannot equal the merit of it. There is no service more agreeable to Him than this one. To employ one's life in this most blessed labor is more pleasing to the Divine Majesty than to suffer martyrdom.

"Would you not feel happy if you could spend large sums of money in corporal works of mercy? But know," continues St. Chrysostom, "that he who labors for the salvation of souls does far more; nay, the zeal of souls is of far greater merit before God than the working of miracles."

"A religious," writes St. Ligouri, "will save by his prayers, labors and mortifications, more souls in one year than in his whole life out of religion; and as to his own personal merit, he will gain more in one year by practicing obedience than in ten years by living in the world according to his own will."

Enumerating the advantages of religious above persons living in the world, St. Bernard says: "They live more purely; they fall more rarely; they rise more speedily; they are aided more powerfully; they die more securely; they are rewarded more abundantly."

The greatest advantage of the religious life is the promise of eternal glory and unspeakable joy in the world to come, for, whenever Christ invited men to embrace this life, He always promised them life everlasting and an inheritance in heaven. "He shall re-

ceive a hundredfold, and shall possess life everlasting." (Matt. 19:29.)

Realizing the dignity, excellence and advantages of the religious life, remember there are only two requirements necessary to become a religious, the desire and the ability to lead the life.

"Make your choice," says St. Bernard. "The world says loudly: I forsake those who love me. The flesh cries out: I corrupt those who flatter me. Jesus Christ says: I console those who follow Me. Choose now."

"One thing is yet wanting to you—come follow Me."

Liturgical Jottings

VICTOR DUX, O. S. B.

THE SEASON OF EPIPHANY

It would seem that poetry and liturgy are closely related. Each in its own way endeavors to arouse the human passions to the full enjoyment of, and favorable reaction to, what is good and beautiful. As the rarest poetic gems are often the briefest, so it also happens that the liturgical periods which are the shortest are likewise the most replete with spiritual treasures. Who will deny that the Christmas cycle, which lasts barely a fortnight, is at once the shortest and the most charming period in the entire church year. And the season of Epiphany, which is now at hand, is a close second to it both in brevity and in spiritual attractiveness. No more fitting prologue could be given to this liturgical description of the boyhood of Christ than the touching epigram from the inspired pen of Father Tabb:

A little Boy of heavenly birth,
But far from home to-day,
Comes down to find His ball the earth
That sin has cast away.
O comrades, let us one and all
Join in to get Him back His ball!

In the briefest possible way, almost as briefly as the Gospel story itself, Holy Church pictures to us the circumstances accompanying the circumcision of the infant Jesus; she commemorates His nameday immediately afterward; then follow in quick succession the adoration of the Magi, the flight into Egypt, and the return of the Holy Three to Nazareth. But while we seem to be taking sprightly steps in the wake of our liturgical guide, we come face to face with several repetitions of that pleasant refrain, *Puer natus est nobis*—A Child is born to us.

A THOUGHT TO TREASURE

It is a good and wholesome thought to have and to keep, and Holy Mother Church wishes us to reflect upon it while we are considering the different events of Christ's boyhood and youth. We are reminded that He

(Continued on page 421)

Misery and Mercy

Have mercy on me, O Lord, for I am infirm and weak.—Ps. 6:3.

ANSELM SCHAAF, O. S. B.

FATHER Gilbert was passing from the rectory to the church. At the same time Ed Allen happened along with one of the song books of the choir. "Father," he hailed, "just one minute. The director wants your opinion on this 'Kyrie.'"

"If it's rubrical, I have no objection," came with an apparent lack of interest as a surprise.

"Of course it's rubrical," Allen almost snapped back. "Why it's Mass number six, as you see from the Kyriale of the Vatican edition.

"Yes, yes. My mind was concentrated on something else," the pastor replied by way of apology. "Mass number six is quite beautiful."

Father Gilbert had laid his hand on the knob of the sacristy door. But Allen wasn't satisfied as yet. "Say, Father," he pleaded, "the choir members will not all be here for some time, may I—?"

"I know what you want." Father Gilbert smiled, releasing his hold on the knob. "Ed, you are in some respects like a little child. No doubt it's to be all about this 'Kyrie.'"

"No, Father," the questioner assured, "it's not about this 'Kyrie' only, but about all the 'Kyries.'"

"Aha!" the priest ejaculated. "I see that I am in for it again. What then is your suit?" "Why, Father, I studied Latin in high school and I never came across words like 'Kyrie' and 'eleison.'"

"And you got your diploma?"

"I surely did."

"Maybe you had better repeat your course," the priest suggested with a mischievous twinkle in his eye.

"God forbid," Allen hurled back. "Once is enough. I do not care to live those days over."

"Don't worry," Father Gilbert consoled, "for your Latin course is not at fault this time. Those words are not Latin at all. They are Greek."

"Greek!" exclaimed Allen in a tone of surprise. "Have we even Greek in the Mass?"

"Yes, Greek. This, however, is the only instance where Greek occurs in the Mass of the Roman rite," the pastor responded whilst taking from his pocket a notebook and pencil. Then writing, he continued: "That 'Kyrie' and 'Christe' are wearing a Latin dress. Here is the genuine article: *Κύριε ἐλέησον—Χρίστε ἐλέησον.*"

Allen's eyes widened as he remarked: "Well, at any rate it is pretty, but I must take your word for it that it is Greek."

"You expressed your surprise at the fact that Greek occurs at all at Mass. Why Hebrew also finds a place there. The expressions: *Amen, Alleluja, Sabaoth, and Hosanna* are Hebrew."

"Are any other languages used?" Allen inquired with heightened interest.

"No, just these three. These are the very languages in which Pilate wrote the inscription that was affixed to the cross, the altar of the bloody sacrifice of Calvary. In retaining these ancient terms in the original tongues, the Church shows also her Catholicity and preserves the peculiar force conveyed by these expressions."

"Please explain the 'Kyrie,' Father."

"Why, you have the translation in your missal: 'Lord, have mercy; Christ, have mercy.' This prayer expresses a sentiment perfectly natural to man who is impressed with the feeling conviction of his own misery and of the mercy of God. This prayerful repetition has become so familiar that almost every one when in danger or in trouble is prompted to exclaim:



AT THE KYRIE ELEISON

'Lord, have mercy on me.' This cry for help, coming from the depth of the heart, is full of simplicity, humility, and beauty. It is one of those simple but fervent ejaculations which, like arrows, go straight to the heart of the Almighty. On the wings of man's misery—humility—and of God's mercy—confidence—our prayers take their flight heavenward. Such a prayer is most appropriate at the commencement of the tremendous sacrifice."

"I realize this fact fully, Father," Allen agreed, but why those endless repetitions?"

Father Gilbert in turn pointed to the house across the street. "Do you see," said he, "that man that's ringing the door bell over there?"

"I surely do."

"How often did he ring?"

"I counted six rings."

"What do you suppose is his reason for repeating the ring?"

"That's not difficult to answer, Father. He is evidently eager for some one to respond to the call."

"There you have the very reason for repeating the 'Kyrie,'" Father Gilbert stressed with a significant gesture. "The repetition of the 'Kyrie' and the 'Christe' denotes our intense desire, our urgent importunity, and unabating perseverance with which we implore mercy and assistance in spite of our conscious sinfulness and unworthiness. Think of Abraham, how he repeated his pleading with God to avert the scourge from Sodom and Gomorrha; think of the blind man of Jericho in the gospel. The more the people sought to impose silence on him with so much the greater ardor he called out: 'Jesus, Son of David, have mercy on me.' Think of the woman of Chanaan who persisted in her cry: 'Have mercy on me, O Lord, Thou Son of David.' If you notice the melodies of the approved 'Kyries' sung in the Gregorian chant, you will perceive how the music grows in tone and expression by the time you get to the last 'Kyrie.' Like the people of Jericho who rebuked the blind man for crying: 'Son of David, have mercy on me,' so the devils take offence at our repeated 'Kyries,' and perhaps whisper into our ears: 'Stop! stop!' But following the blind man, we cry all the more and repeat the 'Kyries' and the 'Christes' with renewed fervor. The last 'Kyrie,' then, gets an additional emphasis both as to volume and feeling. No doubt you know of the impression made by the 60,000 innocent voices that chanted the beautiful 'Kyrie' of the Mass of the Angels in Chicago at the Eucharistic Congress of 1926."

"Father, Father," Allen repeated most enthusiastically, as he stooped to pick up the Kyriale which he had dropped. "Honest to goodness, I didn't know that there was so much to

be thought of during the 'Kyrie.' Could there be any special reason for the triple threefold repetition so as to get nine petitions?"

"Well, in the days of St. Gregory the Great the Roman rite ordained that the 'Kyrie' should be sung alternately with the 'Christe' until the Bishop gave the sign to stop. For several centuries now the number of invocations has been reduced to nine. There seems to be a higher mystical and hidden meaning for this particular number of repetitions. Pope Innocent III sees in the practice a reference to the Holy Trinity. According to our Catholic doctrine we have a trinity of persons in a unity of essence. The first three 'Kyries' appeal to the Father, our Creator, Protector, and Preserver; the second group of invocations has 'Christe' instead of 'Kyrie,' because they are addressed to Christ our Redeemer, Brother, High Priest, and Victim. *Christ* means the *Anointed*. Now Christ's human nature was anointed by Its union with the Divine; the last triple 'Kyries' are directed to the Holy Ghost, our Guide and Counselor and the Spouse of our soul. But since the essence of the Father is also that of the Son and of the Holy Ghost, we have in each group the threefold repetition. There are some who regard the number nine as a reflection and echo of the nine choirs, who without ceasing praise in endless song the greatness and mercy of God."

Father Gilbert again reached for the knob of the door. Allen roguishly pleaded: "One more question, Father, please. I have learned something of persistency from your explanation of the 'Kyrie.' I know too that you are a stickler in matters of history. Won't you tell me something about the history of the 'Kyrie'?"

The priest having mumbled something about being wise in one's own generation took up Allen's thought: "As an ejaculation the 'Kyrie eleison' is even pre-Christian. In regard to its use at the divine service, so much is certain, it is an importation from the East. Regarding the time, authorities are not agreed. The formula was employed certainly in the fourth century and appeared probably first at Antioch and Jerusalem as the answer to the litany form of prayer that was spread throughout the Church from that center. The 'Kyrie' seemed to be the reply of the people to certain prayers said by the ministers. Hence it is called a 'minor litany' or 'dialogue.' The prayers have fallen into disuse whilst the responses of the people have survived. Thus we can conclude that our 'Kyrie' is a fragment of a Litany that was recited at the opening prayer of the Mass liturgy. After St. Gregory's time daily Masses gradually became more common and at last the litany disappeared altogether, except on Holy Saturday, on Whitsun Eve, and at the ordination Mass. The in-

introduction of the 'Gloria,' too, seemed to help banish the litany."

"So then there has been really a fluctuation in the use of the 'Kyrie'" Allen supplemented.

"Oh, we can't deny the divergency in its use," Father Gilbert conceded readily. "Even its particular place in Mass varied: the Greeks use it more frequently than we do; in the Ambrosian rite at Milan there are three 'Kyries' after the 'Gloria,' three after the gospel, and three after the ablution following the Communion."

At this juncture both were silent. There came from the school hall the slow but measured strains of the chant. "Do you hear your 'Kyrie' six?" Father Gilbert queried, as he leaned forward slightly to hear the better. "Do you notice that beautiful long refrain of the last 'Kyrie'?"

Allen awoke as it were out of stupor. Without any explanation he hurried away to the school hall to attend the rehearsal.

The House of the Three Larches

(Continued from page 396)

little did they know what was in the mind of Johanna's proposed bridegroom.

"Let us allow ourselves to be betrothed," he said, "reserving in our minds the right to break the contract; that will give us time and opportunity to follow our own hearts' desires."

Johanna looked at him in surprise. "But that will not be honorable," she answered. "A betrothal is a solemn thing; almost as sacred as marriage."

"It is as honorable as forcing two persons—who do not care for each other—into a union for mercenary and sinister purposes; a union which could not fail to produce great unhappiness, when the hearts of husband and wife belong elsewhere."

Johanna hesitated; for the first time in her life she was asked to do a dishonorable act; yet the reasoning of the young man was tempting, if fallacious. Every throb of her heart inclined one way; every stab of her conscience another. The temptation was too great; she could not resist it.

"I will do it," she cried, in a strained voice, almost defying heaven.

Before her companion had time to answer, Kaspar von Maltitz rapped sharply on the windowpane, beckoning them to enter. The couple turned quickly and went into the house.

The young man drew her gently into the room, where the two fathers sat waiting; pen, ink, and paper on the table before them.

(To be Continued)

A Song for New Years Day

MARY WINDEATT

The new moon hangs in a wintery sky
As the New Year dances in,
While in purple shadows the valleys lie—
Dreaming of what might have been.

And over the hilltops marches still
A cavalcade on high,
But wearily watch the aged ones
As the past New Years go by.

The bells ring out and the darkness yields,
The Phantom Host has passed;
And laughing Youth, down world-old fields
Sees the New Year come at last.

Snow

CHARLES J. QUIRK, S. J.

Shaking, shaking feather beds,
The angels are I know:
That's why the air is feathery-white,
With feathery flakes of snow.

Winter Wheat

V. D.

The blades of wheat just springing up
Above the whitened ground
Will yield of their fruit some day
To form a Wafer round.

The winsome Babe in Mother's arms
Now sleeping safe and sound
Will some day stand before the mob—
A Victim, scourged and crowned.

In the Garden of Memory

NANCY BUCKLEY

Deep in my heart a garden grows
And Memory, at evening's close,
Tends all the fragrant blossoms there
With loving tenderness and care.

Each golden hour goes swiftly by;
I listen to the wind's hushed sigh,
And friends of Youth, gone just before,
Are in my garden as of yore.

I hear the echoing refrain
Of Love's old melody again,
And long-lost dreams once more unclose
Where Memory's dear garden grows.

No credit in being jolly
When good things come your way.
When all goes wrong, a merry song
May drive the blues away.

ELECTA D. WILLIAMSON.

The House of the Three Larches

A Tale of Old Switzerland, by Maurus Carnot, O. S. B. Translated and Adapted by

MARY E. MANNIX

CHAPTER 6

THE BETROTHAL

FIERCE was the look upon the face of Kaspar von Maltitz as he heard the clanging sound of the iron doors that now confined the brave, proud Samnauner. The people were silent, and the provost was glad that it was so. Angriily putting feet to stirrup, he cried:

"We have heard the voice of the traitor here to-day. We built the tower none too soon. Hurrah for Hapsburg! Long live the Emperor Max!"

His enthusiasm had the desired effect; the crowd took up his words, and a thousand voices shouting, "Long live Kaiser Max," rang through the meadows, piercing the thick walls behind which Korsin sat confined. But he did not hear them, for the hole into which they had thrown him lay deep under the ground.

"Forward now. The tower is christened, it needs no more holy water or benediction, neither Mass nor bells," cried the haughty provost. "Forward to the village! Kaiser Max will soon be here in person. Forward!"

And with loud shouts of jubilation, the people pressed onward to the village.

At the Inn of the Imperial Eagle, everything was in readiness for Kaspar von Maltitz and his followers. In the large dining room the table was laid for von Maltitz and his son; in the courtyard and kitchen, places had been arranged for his retainers and those who were to take part in the Schützen Fest.

It was Johanna's duty to supervise everything, and, hardest of all, to wait upon von Maltitz and his son and heir.

The great stone pitcher had not been more than half emptied, but seizing it in her hand as an excuse for leaving the room, she took it to the kitchen, left it there, and hastening to her own little chamber, bolted the door, and went to the window which overlooked the terrible tower. Yes, terrible indeed, did its frowning masonry now appear to the eyes of the young girl. For the first time in her life she could not pray. Then clasping in her hand the silver chain that hung about her neck with its little crucifix, she rocked backward and forward on her knees, crying softly, "O Korsin! O Korsin, how soon it has ended!" She kissed the crucifix again and again, weeping and sobbing. Then, taking the chain from her neck, she laid it in the chest, still on her knees.

"Ho, Hanna? Where are you?" called a rough voice from without. It was her father's voice.

She took some holy water and, picking up a handkerchief, came out of her room.

"Father," she said in her usual voice, "I am very tired; I must rest a little while. I beg that you will excuse me; I shall not be missed."

"You are needed in the dining room," answered her father roughly.

"Ah! Anybody else would do," she pleaded. "It is only to fill the wine pitcher. I will do that." And she passed into the kitchen.

"You and you only they want," replied her father with angry brows, shaking a threatening finger and going back to the guests. Johanna followed him later, carrying the pitcher in her hand.

There, amidst the profusion of meat and drink, every one was merry; all save Leopold with the swollen nose, and the thought of the inglorious incident that had caused it. His mind could not help wandering to the obstreperous steed abroad on the meadow.

And that was not all; on the opposite side of the table sat a handsome young student of Pfunds, learned in worldly and in church lore. He was, moreover, a right jolly fellow; laughing and joking with his comrades as they sat at their meat. But the worst feature of his conduct was, that whenever Johanna came in his vicinity, he gave her a look from his great blue eyes which Leopold imagined was both fascinating and effective.

But when all was told, the principal theme of conversation between both officials and peasants was Korsin von Laret. The elder von Maltitz had been especially angered by his defiant manner and his allusion to the War of the Hens; his offence momentarily assumed larger proportions against the authority of the law and the majesty of the Kaiser.

Through it all, Johanna passed like one in a dream from guest to guest, scarcely heeding their conversation, entirely oblivious of their admiring glances in her direction.

The repast was over; von Maltitz the elder stood up, and requested his host, his son and Commissary Leopold to attend him in a small room opening from the dining hall, where they could confer quietly on the subject of the criminal whom the events of the morning had given into their hands. The commissary was not slow

to offer his opinion. It was brief and to the point.

"Most gracious Provost of Raunders," he began. "I would be a traitor to my conscience and my Emperor, were I to hesitate a single moment in giving my opinion regarding what should be done with that wretched, rebellious, traitorous, proud, dangerous, law-breaking Samnauner, Korsin von Laret. His place is on the scaffold; there should he expiate his treacherous crime; there should his body be interred—there at its foot, and that, my Lord, soon—soon—soon! Otherwise it will be too late. *Dixi.*" (I have spoken.)

Then spake the host, emphasizing his words with the thick finger of his burly right hand, as he struck it again and again on the table.

"His father was once our close friend here, but the war has put an end to that. The young von Laret is a dangerous fellow. If he were true to the Kaiser's Eagle—but—that is something I cannot pardon."

"Nor I either!" said the elder von Maltitz. "I have taken his measure, the unmannerly fellow. He is capable, were he free, of getting together a troop of Engadiners, storming the tower, scattering their firebrands through Pfunds and all the surrounding neighborhood. I know these people, they are beasts."

"Father! In war the most peaceable man becomes a savage," interrupted the younger Maltitz. "In your place I would send the unfortunate Samnauner home at once. What is the use of making so much of a trifle?"

"Inexperienced boy, what do you know of war or of strife," cried the Provost. "Herr Commissary, see to it that the tower is guarded, and well guarded, for it harbors a dangerous criminal within its walls."

"Your orders shall be obeyed, most gracious Provost," replied the commissary, as with a scrape of his left foot at departure he hurried forth to make his assurance doubly sure. "The Samnauner well guarded," he thought, "my rival is out of the way, and my own mishap avenged."

"My dear host," said von Maltitz, turning smilingly to the innkeeper. "Now we are alone, in a sort of family council. But Johanna should be here also, that we may have a talk concerning a matter, which is, one might say, almost entirely arranged, but in which, it seems to me, all parties ought to join. Have the kindness to summon the pretty bride, my friend."

At these words, the brow of the younger von Maltitz assumed a worried expression; he sighed, snapped his fingers and turning to his father faltered in a doubtful tone.

"Father, while you and our host are discussing the question, perhaps it would be better if Johanna and I should have a little conversation

together; we are really not very well acquainted. Shall I ask her to take a little walk with me in the garden?"

"Your suggestion is not bad," replied the provost, "but do not stay too long. Lovers, you know, are apt to forget the passage of time."

Ferdinand left the room in search of Johanna. He found her leaning against the window frame in the dining room, looking out; approaching her, he asked if she would not oblige him by going into the garden.

"Certainly," she replied, with a smile. And they left the room.

When they were in the garden, the girl said to her companion.

"Herr von Maltitz, I have a favor to ask."

"I am at your service, Fraulein."

"I have a friend in Samnaun; she is the sister of the young man who lies yonder in the tower. O what sorrow would be hers if she knew the dreadful truth. And the poor mother, only three weeks widowed, what anguish for her to hear of the misfortune of her only son."

"He brought it on himself, Fraulein."

"I know that well, Herr von Maltitz, but what will not a man do in the heat of anger? And

Steps to the Altar

DOM HUGH G. BEVENOT, O. S. B., B. A.

25. Leave All for All

An angel blew his trump of gold
Above the stable of Our Lord,
While shepherds knelt and kings adored
And gave Him treasures manifold.

"Come forth, priests of Jerusalem,
And offer incense to your Christ;
Bring Him each thing most dearly prized
And win grace in exchange for them!"

No echo came from Sion's wall
Where high priests lived in pomp and state,
Ready to please the worldly great;
But deaf to every higher call.

Yet see! young Nicodemus wends
His pilgrim way to Bethlehem
No toil (it seems) his zeal can stem
Till at the Crib his knees he bends.

He hears the words of Mary mild:
"They who would closest follow Him
Must sacrifice their every whim
And live as poor as mine own Child."

And clear the Angel chorus rings:
"They who leave all shall win true light;
The clouds dissolve, they reach God's sight,
Which blessedness for ever brings."

to think—in the very shield of the Bishop—the Chamois! Oh, yes — it might have been better had he not done so unwise a thing, but—well, well, I am very stupid, but it seems to me it was not right to shoot as they did—at the Bishop's escutcheon. Of course they intended no harm to the Bishop himself, I suppose, but—"

"Certainly not—but while it may not be the proper thing to shoot at the Bishop's coat of arms, to send an arrow into the breast of the Imperial Eagle is a crime, Fraulein, a crime."

"Perhaps. But he did it on impulse, without malice. He was angry. He did not think."

"In that case, he should have explained and asked pardon for the offense, instead of glorying in it."

Touching her companion lightly on the arm, Johanna said imploringly.

"Oh, it would be such a good thing if Korsin could go home to-day; if he could sleep under the roof of his widowed mother to-night. He would come no more to Pfunds, he would never again send his arrow into the Eagle's breast; all would soon be forgotten. Oh, Herr von Maltitz, it is in your power to bring this happiness to his mother and sister—and to him. Dear Herr von Maltitz, do this thing for me—do it I implore you. Beg your father to let Korsin go free."

A sudden illumination, and a purpose as sudden—which might prove a solution to his own difficulties—burst upon the soul of Ferdinand von Maltitz.

"Fraulein Johanna!" he exclaimed, "Korsin von Laret is your lover; I know it by the tone in which you utter his name. Am I right?"

She did not reply.

"Fraulein," he persisted, "tell me the truth. If you do so, and will, in turn, grant me a favor, I promise; yes, I think I can faithfully promise that before the close of this day, your Samnauner will be free."

"What is it? Oh what is it?" she asked eagerly. "Tell me quickly."

"He is your lover? You must first tell me that."

"Yes," she answered in a low voice. "Yes."

The young man replied. "Then, I think there will be no trouble, provided you will fall in with my plan."

"Tell me, oh, tell me. What is it?" she asked.

"Promise me first, dear Fraulein, that whatever happens you will not betray my confidence."

"I promise," she answered.

"Listen then," he began. "Our fathers,—yours and mine—have resolved upon a marriage between us, why, it may have seemed strange to you."

"Yes," said Johanna, "it has seemed strange. I am the daughter of an innkeeper, your father

is the provost of Raunders; he could look much higher for his only son."

"That is true," Ferdinand rejoined. "But perhaps you do not know that my mother and yours were distant cousins."

"I did not know it."

"Nevertheless, it is true. Your mother married your father out of her rank; he was a soldier of fortune, her people renounced her. You and I are the only ones left of the family, and there is an old will which my father recently found, directing that in such a case there must be a union between the two descendants of the von Werdens; or what is left of the property shall go to the crown. That is the principal reason why my father wishes the marriage to take place. I do not know whether yours is in his counsels, but I suppose he is. There is another reason; my father wishes to strengthen the political alliance which exists between them, as servants to the crown."

"Then it seems there is no getting away from it," said Johanna sorrowfully.

"You are mistaken," cried the young man. "I am coming to that. You love Korsin von Laret, and I love Bertha von Stralitz, the daughter of my father's greatest enemy. He does not know this; if he did, I believe he would go to any lengths to prevent our union. While the country is so unsettled, and war so imminent, I would not dare resist him; if the war was over, and the country quiet again, I would have the courage to take the future in my own hands, and go to France or Italy with my bride. Do you understand Fraulein?"

"Not altogether," replied Johanna. "I can see no present solution of the trouble in what you tell me."

"A few more words then," said von Maltitz, taking her hand.

The two elder men, standing near the window, saw the action, and smiled approvingly;

(Continued on page 393)

Life's Winter

EDITH TATUM

The year grows slowly older....old,
And autumn decks its age with gold,
Vermillion, orange, russet tints,
With saffron, brown and copper glints.

Because age comes and death is near
Should all of beauty disappear?
Nay, garner every grace of soul
To form a gleaming aureole.

And as the winter still will dress
The barren fields in loveliness
Of snow, so meet death's coming night
Enfolded in celestial light.

Thumbnail Sketches of Europe--Bits of Belgium

CALLA L. STAHLMANN

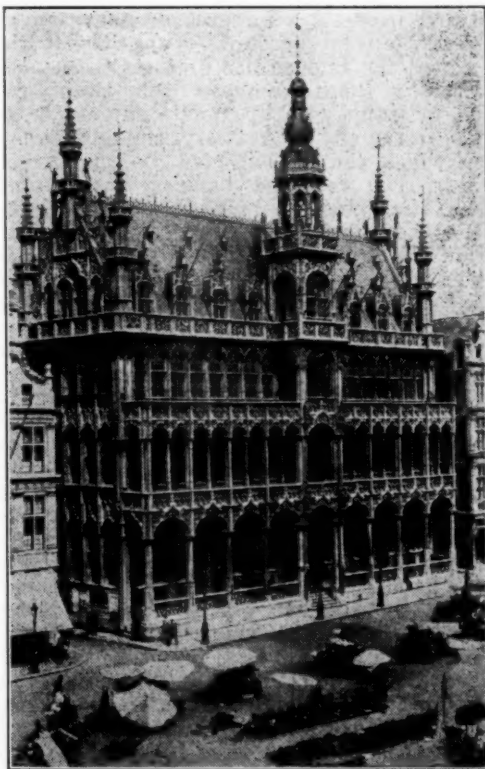
CROSSING the English Channel from Dover to Ostend is not the shortest route by any means, but it is possibly the smoothest (unless one wants to swim over), and hence it is the most popular route of access to the Continent. Ostend, recently made conspicuous by the Rotarians and their Convention there, is truly the "Atlantic City of Belgium"—and the most famous watering place of northern Europe. Bathing chairs line the beach as far as the eye can see; gay colors are seen in the bathing suits and caps; fishing boats add picturesqueness to the scene; and thousands of visitors stroll about the sands, attend the Casino, or listen to the excellent music. Here is the opportunity to observe the social set of Europe at play. There is a spacious "Kursaal," such as is found in every resort of importance in Europe—it is an amusement building surrounded by beautiful grounds; within are music, dancing, and other forms of entertainment. When one registers at his hotel, he is given a "Kursaal Ticket," upon presentation of which at the door of the Kursaal, he will be admitted at a much reduced rate; you see, the hotels cooperate in this form of entertainment, and a much more elaborate system may be maintained than would be possible if each hotel had its own.

Ostend is an ideal place for headquarters from which excursions may be made to various points of interest. One of such sallies is to Bruges, the "Venice of the North," typical of the medieval cities of Belgium. You know, we have been hearing of the Belgians ever since the time of Caesar, in 58 B. C.; he called them "Belgae," and we learn from him that they were a very brave, loyal people. The World War showed us that they are still running true to form. Bruges has not been touched heavily by the finger of the Modern Age; here one finds canals, red roofs, small, ancient houses, and a spirit of calm and leisure everywhere. The famed Belfry of Bruges is in the Market Place—the Belfry known from story, song, and painting. Its bells, as they toll the hours, sing a never-to-be-forgotten song to the visitor, and the tones will linger in the memory long after the sight is gone. One of the industries for which Bruges is noted is her lace making—women are frequently seen sitting in the doorways, making the cob-webby lace that is so dear to the heart, and so inexpensive to the purse!

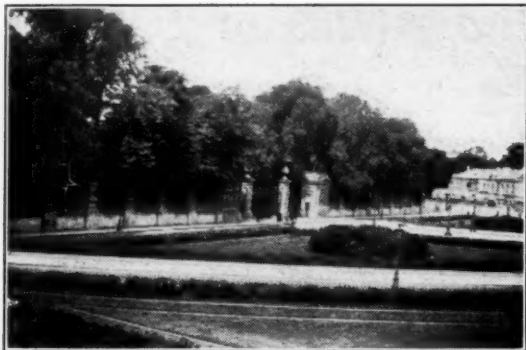
Another digression from Ostend takes one to Zeebrugge, to visit the Mole in which the British bottled up the German fleet during the

"late unpleasantness." At that time, Zeebrugge was a strong base for German submarines and destroyers; the Germans could lie hidden in the harbor, make sudden sallies forth, and just as quickly retreat. The British (bless their hearts!) sunk three, old, concrete-laden cruisers at the mouth of the Bruges Canal, and bottled up the Germans, making one of the immortal stories of the war.

Other places of interest in close proximity to Ostend are Blankenberghe and Knock-sur-Mer, two noted summer resorts on the coast of Belgium. Then hasten your steps to Antwerp, the first harbor on the Continent, and the metropolis of Flemish art. Antwerp's position is unique in the history of fine arts: its museums, churches, and libraries house priceless masterpieces by Van Eyck, Rubens, Van-Dyck, and many others; in addition to the paintings are sculptures by Appelmans, Meunier, and Lam-



ROYAL PALACE AT BRUSSELS



GROUPS OF THE ROYAL PALACE FROM OUR HOTEL
WINDOWS

beaux; while among the musicians are Benoit, Blockx, and countless modern writers. There are handsome monuments and statues throughout the city: the Gothic cathedral, the churches of St. Jacques and St. André, the Grand Place, and the Plantin Museum, which is noteworthy as a monument as well as for its contents. But Antwerp is not a city purely of the past; it presents a picturesque panorama in crescent-shape on the shores of the Scheldt River, where the intense life of the Continent is noticeable; there are quays for twenty-five miles, bristling with up-to-date engines of all sorts. In the city of Antwerp, one finds everything which can be expected in commercial capitals, such as grand banking institutions, aristocratic mansions, large shops, works, and mills of any kind. One must pay especial attention to the diamond trade which is carried on here on a great scale; and also to the zoological gardens, among the most remarkable in Europe.

If one is "doing Belgium" he should go to Brussels, well-named the "Little Paris." This is a city of beautiful buildings, of which the Hotel de Ville is one of the most notable; it faces the Flower Market, one of the largest and most-widely known in the world. The Market Place has been the stage for many stirring dramas: here were the guilds; here were, and still are, the legislative assemblies. The Palais de la Bourse, the great banking institution, presents a handsome façade, reminiscent of Roman architecture. One may find a very comfortable hotel next door to the King's palace, and revel in his proximity to royalty! Another page was added to the history of the Church of St. Gudule when the young Belgian Prince, and the Princess Astrid of Sweden were married there.

The Wiertz Museum is one that the visitor may have to ask for especially; while small, it is noteworthy; it was the gift of one man,

whose name was Wiertz, who was quite wealthy, and himself an artist. All the paintings contained herein are from his own brush; artists can still be seen at any hour, copying some of his works. Several of his pictures are in an incomplete state, and are visible only through a small opening, not much larger than a keyhole!

The historic battlefield of Waterloo is not far from Brussels, bringing back memories of Napoleon and his terrific struggles. However, a more recent occurrence overshadows the importance of Napoleon, when one visits the spot where the nurse, Edith Cavell, was shot down during the late war. The spot is now overgrown with flowers, which tell no tale of her disastrous death.

Curiosities about the city include the dog-drawn milk carts; the sidewalk cafes, where one may order any kind of beverage and sit and sip it as the world passes before him; the lace-makers; the flower girls, with huge bunches of blood-red roses for one or two francs, or corsages of violets.

In the theaters French is mostly spoken; many of the townspeople, however, speak Dutch, on account of the close associations of Belgium and Holland, and all signs are written in both languages, so that "he who runs may read."

The frequent reception of Holy Communion is a surety bond to the attainment of heaven.

The Weavers

ALEXANDER J. CODY, S. J.

Within a house across the way
Two ladies lived with kindly faces;
Among their flowers I used to play
While they were spinning altar laces.

I sometimes sat beside their chair:
One softly sang the hallowed story,
The other, with an artist's care,
Entwined in threads its endless glory.

Their laces' stars will never dim,
Their shepherds as the vision passes
Forever hear the Cherubim
Intone exultant Christmas Masses.

The sunbeams fell in softened rays
On spinning wheel, on face and fingers:
The beauty of their Yesterdays
With raptured glory ever lingers.

I wonder did they ever dream
Their heritage to me grown older?
To-night beside their garden stream
I feel their hands upon my shoulder.

Misplaced Confidence

EDWARD J. MARKHAM

FATHER Lamont sat down in front of his fireplace one stormy winter night. The winds wailed, and the snow beat against the windows. Old and feeble though he was, happiness was in his heart. He had requested, when his active missionary days were over, that he be given a little parish where he might continue that intimate contact with people which he had grown to love during his forty years of missionary life.

"Do not retire me to a monastery, or a home for the aged," he had said pleadingly to his superior, following a physical collapse in the midst of what proved to be his last mission. "Send me somewhere. Give me a little flock, and a church. That is all I ask, Father."

And his superior had given him a little parish. St. Catherine's it was, in the heart of a rough, mountainous district, where a single Mass was all that was necessary on each Sunday, so few were the Catholics in that vicinity. There the old priest enjoyed the calm quietude which only a rural district can give. There he ministered to the spiritual needs of his scattered parishioners. There he awaited calmly the great summons which would bring him one day face to face with his Maker.

"God will take me one of these days," he said to Mary Rourke, his housekeeper, as he studied the blue flames in the fireplace, and he listened to the raging storm. "Pray for me, Mary, when I am gone."

"Sure, there'll be no need of me prayin', Father," came the quick response. "What have you ever done that pained the Sacred Heart of Our Lord? As for prayers,—why, your parishioners here would deluge Heaven with them."

"I will need prayers, nevertheless, Mary," replied the priest slowly, seriously. "We all need them. The devil is alert, is never asleep, you know."

Mary nodded acquiescence. Then she bent over her knitting, leaving Father Lamont to the rereading of one of his old favorites, "Sermons and Orations," by Father Thomas Burke. As the priest turned over the pages carelessly, undecided which of the sermons to read, a white envelope slipped from between two of the leaves, and fell to the floor. Father Lamont picked it up; scrutinized it carefully; read the enclosed letter.

"Why it's ten years since she wrote that; since I received that letter while conducting a mission in her parish!" The priest's eyes rivet-

ed themselves again to the faded sheet, which had lain all these years unnoticed between the pages of his favorite book. "I hope—I pray God that she's happy, even though she did act against my advice," continued Father Lamont. "She—"

"Who? What do you mean?" asked the housekeeper, looking up from her knitting. "You seem to be upset; surprised about something, Father. What is it?"

"You cannot realize how hard it is for a priest to guide people, especially young people in accordance with the teachings of the Church," came the unsteady, but significant reply. "This letter was written to me by a girl whom I tried to advise. Whom—"

A series of sharp rings on the telephone interrupted what he was about to say. Mary answered it.

"Father," she said on her return a moment later, a pronounced tremor in her voice, "Father it's a—"

"A what, Mary?" Father Lamont arose, looked at his housekeeper inquiringly, impatiently.

"It's a call from Dale Street. From the further end of the parish, Father. Somebody—a woman—is dying. She wants you. She's calling for a priest."

The old priest gritted his teeth. He knew that outside a blizzard was raging; that it might tax his waning strength to go out on a night like this. He realized, too, however, the stern duty of a priest in time of emergency.

Theirs not to reason why!
Theirs but to do, and die!

He used to repeat those immortal lines during his first years in the priesthood. He did not repeat them now. He did not have to. The deep meaning of those words had 'indelibly' themselves eternally in his soul.

"Call Joe," said Father Lamont quietly.

"But, Father, there is a terrific storm raging. Couldn't Father Morton take the call? It will kill you to go out on a night like this." The housekeeper knew the frail condition of her pastor.

"Father Morton is twenty miles away. He couldn't possibly reach her before morning. Furthermore, it is my duty. Nobody else's. Call Joe, Mary. I'll be ready in a moment." Father Lamont got into his big black overcoat, and disappeared in the direction of the Church.

"Tell Joe to wait in front of the Church," he said, returning again to the door.

Mary nodded. Fear was in her heart. "Why does a call have to come to old Father Lamont on a night like this?" she could not help asking herself.

Joe Harper, a blunt, but thoroughly upright youth, lived across the street from the rectory. He had a second-hand Ford sedan, in which he gladly conveyed the pastor on the few sick calls that the latter had to make. A year previous, the good people of St. Catherine's wanted to give Father Lamont an automobile. He smiled broadly, and thanked them, but declined their generous offer. "I'm too old to drive a car," he said. His parishioners then gave him the money with which they had intended to purchase an automobile, most of which he had long since despatched to the foreign missions.

When the old priest emerged from the Church, bearing the Sacred Host, the biting wind cut through his frail form unmercifully. The myriads of swirling flakes almost blinded him as he groped his way toward the waiting automobile.

"You'd better put on full steam, my boy," he said, as Joe helped him into the rear seat. "This storm looks like a Northeaster; the kind that drove the Nancy onto Darrow's ledge last year with its terrible toll of death. Twenty-eight went down that night, didn't they, Joe."

"Yes, Father," replied Joe. "Every soul on board went down that night."

Silence followed. The firm hand at the wheel directed the little car through the deserted streets. Joe had forgotten his gloves. Twice he had to stop to chafe his red, frost-bitten fingers. When they were within half a mile of Dale Street, a loud bang told them that a tire had burst.

"You stay here, Joe," said Father Lamont. "Put on your spare tire. Above all keep the motor going. It won't take me long to administer the Sacraments. Wait here for me."

"But, Father," said the youth, grasping the priest by the arm, "you—you can't find the house. The darkness—the storm—I'll—"

Father Lamont pressed Joe's hand tightly. "Don't worry about me, my boy. I'll be back within thirty minutes." Then he disappeared—swallowed up by the inky blackness of the night—enveloped by the raging blizzard that swooped down from the North like one of the mythical monsters of old.

Mary, his housekeeper, had told him that the telephone call came from Mrs. Patterson's house,—good old Mrs. Patterson,—who had given her only son to the priesthood. Who had not demurred, when her two daughters entered the convent to prepare for the life labors that would carry them into the heart of China, nev-

er, perhaps, to return. Father Lamont recollected now that Mrs. Patterson's house was a double one; and half of it had been vacant ever since the McGillicuddys had moved a month previously. A new family must have moved in since he had stopped at Mrs. Patterson's, while taking the census two weeks ago.

The wind raved and howled, and contested bitterly every step that the priest took in covering that half mile stretch to Mrs. Patterson's house. Warm as Father Lamont had clothed himself, he felt a series of cold chills pass through his withered form. Repeatedly he had to stop, turn his back to the wind, and brush the crusty, frozen layers of snow from around his eyes. Desperately did he struggle up the front steps of Mrs. Patterson's house, resembling a man of snow more than a man of God.

"God bless you, Father," said the good woman, anguish written in her face, as she led the way into the sitting room, "I didn't want to call you to-night, but—"

"It was your duty to call me, my dear woman," said Father Lamont panting; then concluded abruptly: "And I had no alternative but to come."

A few moments later the old priest sat at the bedside of a woman, not over thirty-five years of age at the most. Her short quick gasps; the dull, far away look in her eyes, told him that she was not long for the world. He bowed his head, closed his tired eyes, as she commenced her confession. The dying woman had not proceeded far before Father Lamont startled, sat bolt upright, almost grasped her by the arm. The consciousness of his holy office of confessor checked him, however. Ten minutes later the penitent had received absolution; was ready to face her Maker.

Father Lamont looked at her hard, seriously, as he prepared to leave. Should he let her know who he was? Would it be better if he—, but she interrupted him before he could come to a decision.

"Father," she said feebly.

"What, my good woman?" The priest moved close to her; looked down into her tear-dimmed eyes.

"Do any Mission Fathers ever come to your church?"

"Sometimes; that is, we have a week's mission every year. Why do you ask?" Father Lamont drove down the lump that came in his throat. He admonished himself for asking that question. He knew what was in her heart. He realized that, like so many persons, when they lie on their deathbeds, she desired to take him into her confidence; to tell him something that had long been secreted in her heart. Something that he already knew.

"I—I wonder if you ever met a Father Lamont? A tall, thin-faced man—a noble man—a good priest, who—"

"Calm yourself," interrupted Father Lamont. "Of course I know him. Did—did you know him, too?" He pressed her listless hand; felt the ebbing throb of her pulse.

"Know him, Father! He—he was the best friend I ever had. He advised me, while giving a mission in my parish, not to marry a Protestant; not to become a party to a mixed marriage. I laughed at him. I was young then, Father. I thought that I could practice my religion the same as if I'd married a Catholic, I—"

"What?"

"My—my husband, Father! We hadn't been married a year when, despite all his promises, he forbade me to attend Mass. He—he struck me once, Father, when I disobeyed him. What could I do? We moved to a distant city six months after we married. I was a hundred miles away from my mother; from my brothers and sisters. They would have welcomed me back, but pride,—bitter pride would not let me do so."

The dying woman paused. A hoarse cough rattled in her throat. That dazed, far away look, so familiar to physicians and priests, was in her almost rigid eyes. Outside the wind whistled, and moaned, and seemed to be calling her; beckoning her to follow it into the Great Beyond, about which much has been written. And yet she lingered. . . .

"When my children were born," she continued weakly, "my husband took them out of my hands entirely. One night he came—came home late—half drunk; a wild stare was in his eyes. He told me that he had heard that I was going to have the children baptized. He grasped me by the throat. He cursed and swore and said that he would see his children in hell before he would let a priest put a hand on them!"

The woman swallowed hard. Tears trickled down her cheeks. Her fingers—her whole body trembled. Father Lamont raised his hand. "You mustn't say any more now," he said soothingly, but she waved him aside.

"I—I thought my cup of sorrow was filled to the brim when I could not get my children baptized," she proceeded, "but my husband came home one day and told me that he had fixed it up with a judge and was going to divorce me. 'I want to marry somebody of my own kind,—of my own religion,' he said. 'You can take the children. I'll support you and them, just for peace sake, but don't you let me catch them near a Catholic Church, or I'll take them away from you.' He took me here, Father, and here I have lived a lonely life of mental torture. I dare not write to my people. They warned me, as Fa-

ther Lamont did. I—I wouldn't mind if I alone had to suffer, but—but to think that my three little children will grow up outside the Church! That they will even hate it! And all because of me. I, who was born into a good Catholic family, who was educated by the good Sisters!"

The dying woman lay back. Her pallid lips trembled. Her cheeks became ashen. Outside the wind howled again. Moaned drearily. Beckoned to her to come and follow it. And this time she could not linger. She could not delay longer. Father Lamont stood over her. Pronounced the most fervent prayers that he had ever uttered during the long years of his holy priesthood. Slowly, then, he turned away; slowly, and heavy of heart.

Tears rolled down his rough old cheeks as he fought his way back to Joe Harper's sedan. The wet snow, and hail, which was descending now in swirling torrents, beat against his drooped form. He breathed prayer after prayer for the penitent mother, who, too late, had realized the error of her youth. And as the little car ploughed through the ever deepening snow,—as the cold North wind swept more bitterly than ever across the land, old Father Lamont closed his tired eyes.

"What a coincidence," he murmured to himself, "that I chanced to come across that letter of hers to-night. That letter, written to me ten years ago, in which she was so confident that her marriage could not turn out unhappy. Poor innocent child! That's what she was. God have mercy on her!"

And the old priest reached into his coat pocket for his beads.

Speak all your mind into the ever-ready ear
of your Eucharistic Lord.

Memories

JOHN MILTON SAMPLES

I'm revelling to-night in the memories—
That come from the roseate past—
The beauty, the charm, and the sweetness
Too lovely and tender to last.

Of youth's sweet abandon and pleasure,
And thrills with a rapture divine;
Of life that gave in full measure
Those joys for which I now pine.

Those moments that passed with a fleetness
Known only to heaven and time,
Full of beauty, charm, and completeness
That made all existence sublime.

Like ships they pass, and forever
Are lost to our dim mortal sight;
But their memory immortal shall never
Depart from my heart in its flight.

The Same Everlasting Sacrifice

DOUGLAS A. PEARL, S. J.

NINETEEN hundred years ago in a little cave near Bethlehem in Judea, Christ Jesus, the Savior of mankind, was born into this world. The life of poverty and suffering which commenced with His birth, which continued during the years of His childhood, in Egypt, in Galilee, during His hidden life at Nazareth, the hardships of his public life when "the Son of Man had not whereon to lay His head," all had their consummation when He died, an outcast of society, on the tree of Calvary, when by the bloody sacrifice of the Cross, He appeased the anger of His Heavenly Father caused by Adam's sin, and opened once again the barred gates of Paradise. That Sacrifice, at Christ's bidding, "Do this for a commemoration of Me," is perpetuated in the unbloody Sacrifice of Calvary, the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. To the Christian, then,—the Catholic—the Mass is the "summum bonum," the greatest good, the heritage beyond compare.

Nineteen hundred years have passed since that first sacrificial offering, yet the Mass of to-day is essentially the same as it was in the first centuries of the existence of the Catholic Church. It has not changed with time. "It is evident," says Abbot Cabrol, "that with very little effort we could again place ourselves in exactly the same conditions as the Christians of the third century. Our Mass is the same as theirs, as regards its rite and formulas, except for a few details. Nothing has been lost. So that a Christian of those days, were he to come amongst us now, would find in his Missal or prayer book the greater part of the prayers he was accustomed to recite." It will be the purpose of this little article to show the oneness of the Holy Sacrifice through the ages.

THE MASS IN APOSTOLIC TIMES

Since the Apostles and their followers were the first Christians, the most natural place to look for a description of their sacrifice is in the writings of those men. Our search therein does not go unrewarded. Many allusions, scattered here and there throughout St. Paul, and the Acts of the Apostles, though in no fixed order, enable us to discover the elements of their liturgy. St. Paul is not lavish of detail, but by putting fragments together we can, to some extent, represent the rite of that day. "The most we can say with certainty," writes Adrian Fortescue, "is that already in the New Testament we find the elements which make up the liturgy according to the earliest complete account of it

(in Justin Martyr), and that in many cases these elements are named in the order they follow in later accounts. . . . However, putting together what we know, or may deduce with reasonable certainty from the texts of the New Testament, we have this picture of the liturgy:

1. *The Synaxis based on a Synagogue Service.**

Readings from the Bible (1 Tim. 4:13; 1 Thess. 5:27; Col. 4:16. Sermons on what has been read. (1 Cor. 14:26; Acts 20:7.)

Psalm. (1 Cor. 14:26.)

Hymn. (Eph. 5:9; Col. 3:16.)

Prayers. (Acts 2:42; 1 Tim. 2:1,2.)

Almsgiving. (Rom. 15:26; 1 Cor. 16:1,2; 2 Cor. 9:10-13.)

Profession of Faith. (1 Tim. 6:12.)

Kiss of Peace. (Rom. 16:16; 1 Cor. 16:20; 1 Thess. 5:26; 1 Peter 5:14.)

2. *The Eucharist Proper.*

A prayer of thanksgiving. (Luke 22:19; 1 Cor. 11:23; 14:16; 1 Tim. 2:1.)

The Blessing of the bread and wine by the words of Institution. (1 Cor. 10:16; Matt. 26:26-28; Mark 14:22-24; Luke 2:19-20; 1 Cor. 11:23.)

Prayers, remembering Christ's death. (Acts 2:42; Luke 22:19; 1 Cor. 11:23,25,26.)

The people eat and drink the consecrated Bread and Wine. (Matt. 26:26,27; Mark 14:22, 23; 1 Cor. 11:26-29.)

It is especially to be noted that the distinction between these two services remains to the present day in all liturgies, including the Mass of the Roman rite, as the Mass of the Catechumens and the Mass of the Faithful. In many of the Uniat Churches (the writer has observed this in the Ruthenian Church) the deacon dismisses the catechumens before the profession of faith. Fortescue goes on to say, "The details developed naturally. . . . Eventually the ceremonial actions crystalized into set forms. But the service is always the same. Different arrangement of subsidiary parts, greater insistence on certain elements in various places produce different liturgies; but all go back eventually to this outline. The Roman Mass is one form of

* WRITER'S NOTE: This Synagogue service is a remnant of the old Jewish Temple service. It must be remembered that the first Christians were Jews, and that their services were of Divine origin. They could not reasonably be made to discontinue their old forms of worship right away.

service that we find first, not in the laws of some medieval pope, but in the Epistles, the Acts of the Apostles, and the Gospels."

The Reverend Charles Cowley Clarke in his "Handbook of Divine Liturgy" says of the Mass of early days, "The details of the earliest Divine Liturgy are furnished to a certain extent by the Synoptic Gospels, and by St. Paul in his first Epistle to the Corinthians; and we have at once the thanksgiving or Eucharistic prayer, the blessing and breaking of bread with the very words of institution, and then the distribution of Communion. These, of course, constitute the primary elements of the Christian Sacrifice, in the beginning, and for all time. . . . It may be just as well to confess at once that what we know with regard to the actual liturgical forms during the first three centuries of the Church's existence is meagre enough. What seems quite certain is that the Apostles observed a fixed order in celebrating the Holy Eucharist, though they did not establish nor bequeath a fixed liturgy."

MASS IN THE SECOND AND THIRD CENTURIES

St. Justin Martyr, who has left us some documentary evidence as to the sacrifices of the second century, gives an account in his first "Apology" of the Christian meetings. "On the day of the sun, all who live in towns, or in the country, gather together in one place, and the memoirs of the Apostles, or the writings of the Prophets are read as long as time permits. Then when the reader has ceased, the president verbally instructs and exhorts to the imitation of the good examples cited. Then all rise together and prayers are offered. At length, prayer being ended, bread and wine and water are brought, and the president offers prayers and thanksgivings to the best of his ability, and the people assent by saying 'Amen': and the distribution is made to each one of his share of the elements which have been blessed, and to those who are not present it is sent by the ministry of the deacons."

St. Justin gives us no text or formulary, and yet it is evident from his letter that a fixed formula was followed in his time. There is unmistakable mention of readings or lessons, of the homily which followed them, of the prayers, the preparation of the sacrifice corresponding to the Offertory, of the Eucharistic Prayer proper in which the consecration of the elements is included, of the way in which the congregation united itself with the celebrant, of the Communion, and the further distribution of the consecrated particles to those unable to attend.

Cowley Clarke says again, "It seems from a study of all the documents available, that in these first three centuries the procedure was so far identical everywhere—with, of course, a

relative, not absolute identity—that there is no gratuitous assumption in taking it for granted that a fixed order had been handed down, without any written liturgy, from the days of the Apostles. That this fixed order includes preparatory prayers, reading from Holy Writ of both Testaments, the chanting of verses from the Psalms, the offering of bread and wine mixed with water, supplications for the living and the dead in the diptychs, offertory prayers, and those added before and after the consecration, reference to the death and resurrection of Christ, the Lord's Prayer following immediately upon the Eucharistic Prayer of Canon, the sign of the cross, the kiss of peace, the fraction of the host and distribution of the consecrated elements, thanksgiving after Communion—that the fixed order included these details, in the great and solemn rite from the beginning, there can be little reason to doubt."

We may take it for granted then, that contemporary documents, and a sufficiently ample tradition furnish us with quite sufficient evidence for this well established form of ritual for the Divine Mysteries from about the year 150 A. D. onwards.

St. Irenaeus of the second century also has many allusions to liturgical ritual and prayers. Space does not permit of detailed citation from him.

"Unfortunately," remarks Fortescue, "between Justin Martyr and the fourth century there is hardly anything. Two Roman writers of the third century, Hippolytus and Novatian, give us only the vaguest direct allusions."

Compiling from Tertullian, St. Cyprian, and other sources we find the following general outline of the Mass of the first three centuries:

1. *The Mass of the Catechumens*

Lessons read from a high ambo by a reader. They consist of the Law, Prophets, Epistles, Gospels, and sometimes letters from bishops.

Starlit Pilgrimages

PLACIDUS KEMPF, O. S. B.

At night, when 'neath the spacious spread
Of darkness cradled nature lies,
Rocked by the hand of opiate sleep,
But I toss restless on my bed
And, watching for repose, my eyes
Their lone, protracted vigil keep,—
On starlit way I speed with zest
From Eucharistic shrine to shrine,
Till Thy compassion, Jesus, bids
Me rest upon Thy love-warmed breast,
And couch my weary heart on Thine,
Whilst Thou dost kiss to sleep my leaden lids.

Between the Lessons two cantors sing psalms. Alleluia is also sung.

Sermon.

Dismissal of the Catechumens and penitents.

2. *Mass of the Faithful*

Prayers of the faithful, presumably in litany form with a response. Probably the diptychs were read here.

Kiss of peace (in Tertullian?).

Offertory of bread and wine. Collections for the poor were also made. The wine is mixed with water.

Sursum Corda with its answer and the Eucharistic Prayer.

Sanctus (in Greek?).

Words of Institution.

Memory of Christ's Passion (and Resurrection?).

Fraction, and the Lord's Prayer.

Later writers (St. Augustine) put the kiss of peace here.

Communion under both kinds, the celebrant giving the consecrated bread, the deacons the chalice. Everyone present receives Communion. They answer "Amen" to the words of administration. The Blessed Sacrament is reserved in the form of bread only, and is so carried away.

Dismissal of the people.

It is by no means difficult to discern in this formulary the Mass as it is celebrated in the Roman rite to-day.

It is out of the question, in this brief paper, to try to give any idea of the development of the Mass. Hence, I shall pass over the centuries during which the Mass was composed, that is, the prayers as we know them, the reforms of Gregory the Great, in the sixth and seventh centuries, the effect of the Protestant Reformation on the Missal, the reforms of Pius V, of Clement VIII, of Urban VIII, of Leo XIII, and of Pius X. These reforms, after that of Gregory the Great in no wise affected the Canon of the Mass. Benedict XIV says, "No Pope has added to or changed the Canon since St. Gregory." This is the more remarkable when we consider that St. Gregory lived at the beginning of the seventh century.

(To be continued)

A Relic of the Eucharist

J. P.

AT Faverney, a very ancient little village on the Lanterne River near the eastern frontier of France, there is a beautiful little chapel erected by pious and devout Catholics to enshrine what is perhaps the most precious and venerable relic that history has bequeathed to

us, if we except the Cross of Christ; as for proximity to the Person of Christ we need not even except the Cross.

The remarkable story connected with this relic takes us back to the turbulent days of the Reformation when Lutheran and Calvinist soldiers pillaged and devastated the territory around Faverney with the avowed purpose of destroying its Catholicity. With scythes and pitchforks the simple peasants more than once routed the heretics and resisted unflinchingly their attempts at proselytism.

For the details of our narrative we must have recourse to the chronicle of the ancient monastery of Faverney, built by Burgundian nobles in the year 747. This monastery, known as Notre Dame or Our Lady of Faverney, was at first occupied by nuns. Later on it was taken over by the monks under whose case it became a renowned place of pilgrimage in honor of the Mother of God. Here she was honored under the title of Our Lady of Pity, Our Lady of Mercy, Our Lady of the Rosary, the White Virgin, and various other titles. A register kept at the monastery bears witness to the numerous favors obtained through her intercession during the last twelve centuries. Not infrequently the dead have been restored to life at this famous shrine.

It was during the great Pentecost pilgrimage of the year 1608 that the abbey church became the scene of a destructive fire. By this very catastrophe, however, the Almighty brought before the world the truth of His Church and the miraculous power of the Eucharist. On Sunday night, the 25th of May, the Blessed Sacrament was exposed for the hundreds of pilgrims that had assembled. The position of the monstrance during the service will be imagined with difficulty by those acquainted with none but American churches. High up against the grating of the choir, a thing almost unknown in our country, a costly repository had been erected. Huge columns supported the baldachin which was draped with silk, lace, and embroidery, while the monstrance itself rested on a marble slab. In the ostensorium two hosts were exposed that the worshipers on either side might be able to see the Object of their adoration.

For some unknown reason the church was vacated after eleven o'clock on Sunday night, leaving no one to watch before the Blessed Sacrament. Hence what took place during that night will ever remain a mystery, at least as to the cause. At three o'clock on Monday morning, when the sacristan opened the doors to let the monks in for Matins, dense clouds of smoke poured from the church, while through the gloom he was horrified to see the smouldering ruins, lighted here and there by the flickering embers,—all that remained of the church's fur-

nishings. The tabernacle and the baldachin lay in ashes, the candelabra were melted by the intense heat and the marble slab on which the monstrance had stood lay in hot fragments on the floor.

Rushing to the church, the brethren were appalled by what they saw. As their greatest concern was the loss of the monstrance with the Sacred Hosts, they began at once to search the debris in the hope of finding it there. They were about to abandon the search when a novice, looking up, saw the ostensorium in midair just above the place it had occupied the night before, scorched by the flames and overhung by only a shred of the draperies.

The report spread almost instantaneously and in a short time the townspeople began to flock into the little church. Their number was soon swelled by the people of neighboring parishes also desirous of seeing the wonder. At first the monstrance appeared to be fastened to the grating, but the falsity of this was proved when the eager throngs pressed against the screen causing it to tremble under the impact while the monstrance remained immovable. To dispel all doubts, however, various objects were passed around the ostensorium proving it to be sustained by no material thing. For thirty two hours this strange phenomenon continued while no less than ten thousand persons who passed through the church, persons of every class and trade, including a large number of heretics, pronounced it an evident miracle.

On the Tuesday following Pentecost, the curé of Menoux celebrated Mass in the ruined church in the presence of hundreds of witnesses. The monstrance still retained its position; beneath it an altar and corporal had been arranged to receive it should it descend. As the Mass proceeded one of the torches before the Blessed Sacrament without any apparent reason went out. It was relit but again it was extinguished by some unseen force. A third time this strange occurrence was observed, while at the same instant the sound of a distant bell was clearly heard. By this time the priest had reached the Consecration of the Mass and as he pronounced the words "This is my Body," the ostensorium slowly descended and rested upon the altar prepared beneath it.

The spectators could not contain their astonishment. According to the chronicle of Faverney, their cries became so great that those in the sacristy and on the outside who could not see what had happened, cast themselves on the ground, thinking that the church was falling.

This stupendous miracle was carefully examined by the diocesan authorities who took the testimony of the witnesses inside the church in the presence of the Blessed Sacrament still exposed. Thousands were ready to testify, but besides the Benedictines of the monastery, only

thirty-six witnesses were heard. Several very rigorous examinations were subsequently held by the Holy See and the testimony gathered from them is carefully preserved at Faverney to prove to skeptic generations that this is no legend but an historical fact. The corporal on which the ostensorium rested is still to be seen at Besançon where it is displayed every year for the veneration of the faithful.

As might be expected, several churches contested for the right to the Sacred Hosts. The people of Faverney, however, refused to relinquish them until, forced by the Grand Duke of the province they reluctantly permitted One to be taken to Dôle, the capital of the Province and Seat of Parliament.

On December 15, 1608, the priceless Gift, wrapped between two corporals and encased in gold, was laid in a carriage, beautifully draped in red damask and gold trimmings. The carriage was surmounted by a gilded dome and drawn by two white steeds, caparisoned with scarlet trappings and silver fringe. Four hundred of the elite of Dôle, mostly nobles and members of Parliament, after receiving Holy Communion, took their places of honor at the side of the litter. In spite of the bitter cold all heads remained uncovered during this march of two days.

As the cortege drew near to Dôle another picturesque procession of twenty thousand people marched out of its gates to meet and welcome the King of heaven and earth. A youth clad in velvet robes of azure and gold, his head crowned with the richest and rarest jewels that the city could afford, came forward and on bended knee invited the Lord to dwell within the walls of the city. With him were six little children who carried on a large silver tray the keys of the city. These they offered to the Most Adorable Sacrament.

Then amid the roar of cannon and the ringing of bells the procession entered the city and wended its way through the gorgeously decorated streets to the church of Notre Dame where the Sacred Host was preserved with the utmost reverence until the fury of the French Revolution broke upon the little town. A mob composed of the vilest of the vile, and maddened by the defense which the inhabitants made, outraged whatever the Catholics held to be sacred; they brutally murdered a number of priests, profaned the churches, and pillaged the homes which they did not demolish.

The church of Notre Dame was desecrated in the uprising and the Sacred Host disappeared. Whether It fell into sacrilegious hands or was consumed by some priest to avoid such a disaster will probably never be known. The other Host, though now crumbled to dust, is revered as sacred dust and is preserved in the little chapel at Faverney.

Sacrifices of Praise and Adoration

DOM LAMBERT NOLLE, O. S. B.

THE annual celebration of the Epiphany has always a special charm for children, and also for those adults who have preserved or acquired the spirit of simplicity. They see in the Wise Men from the East our pagan forefathers in the faith, as the Israelites see in Abraham not only their carnal, but also their spiritual ancestor. Thus we ought to perceive through the trappings of Oriental grandeur and splendor the meaning of the homage, which these learned yet simple-minded Easterners pay to the poor little Baby of Bethlehem. To them He is that great king of the Jews, foretold by their pagan prophet Balaam as the "Star arising from Jacob," and "the scepter bearer springing from Israel." To them had also penetrated the grand prophecies of Isaias describing the glorious and boundless empire of the Jewish King with Jerusalem as the center; and they wish to show their homage in anticipation to the great-expected ruler, and to secure his good will towards them. Acknowledging themselves as future tributary vassals they offer each one the best and choicest produce of their region: gold, frankincense and myrrh.

These offerings to a poor little baby show us that they looked upon him not as an ordinary earthly ruler, but in their pagan ideas as a kind of semigod; and therefore, half consciously, half unconsciously, their offerings were sacrificial, and at the same time, like the sacrifices of the Old Law, symbolical of a higher and more perfect kind of sacrifice. This is the interpretation of holy Church; for in the 'Secret' (or special offertory prayer) of Epiphany the priest is made to say: "Look down, O Lord, in Thy mercy, we beseech Thee, upon the gifts of Thy Church, whereby there is presented to Thee no longer gold, incense and myrrh, but that which by those gifts is signified, immolated and received, namely, Jesus Christ Thy Son our Lord." And it is significant that these three kinds of gifts correspond to the three kinds of sacrifices prescribed for the Jewish temple in the book of Leviticus (chapters 1 to 7); for gold represents the most valuable and sublime sacrifice of holocausts or whole burnt offerings; frankincense, the peace, offerings; and myrrh, the sin offerings or sacrifices of atonement. It would lead us too far to deal on this occasion with all the three kinds of sacrifices; therefore we propose to limit our consideration to the first and noblest of them, that of the holocaust, signified by the gift of gold.

Every Christian knows that God created

everything for His own glory, and for the benefit of his creatures. He showed forth his glory, inasmuch as every creature, from the greatest to the smallest, from the mightiest to the weakest, shows forth His power, wisdom and goodness in one way or another. From the benefit of creation arises in every creature the foremost duty of praising and glorifying God. The irrational creatures perform this duty by their submitting to the material forces of nature, like minerals and plants, or by following their instinct and sense impressions, like the animals. But God, who is the highest intellect and the most perfect free will, cannot be satisfied by the mute or even by the loud but irrational and forced praise, adoration and homage of the unintelligent creatures. Therefore man was created, in order that he might, as nature's born priest, see God's perfections as revealed in the visible and audible creation, and praise and honor Him by giving intelligent and willing expression to his admiration of God's power, wisdom and goodness. This we see attempted in the psalms and canticles of the Old Testament, when the singer exhorts all the different kinds of creatures, both living and lifeless, to praise the Lord.

But even the best human worship of God was too limited and totally inadequate; for which reason the human mind, left to its natural intelligence, could not perceive, appreciate and praise sufficiently all the wonders of God in every earthly creature. Possibly Adam in his original state of holiness and perfect intelligence might have been equipped for this gigantic task, for he was able to name them by their characteristics; but his state was not normally human, it was preternatural in this respect, and he soon lost this capacity and was blinded by sin.

After his fall the devil must have rejoiced and triumphed at the thought that the creation was a failure, because it did not seem able to achieve the primary purpose intended by God, viz., His glorification. We, however, know that we cannot without blasphemy speak of failure where God's plans are concerned. He had already planned a remedy; His Son was to become Man, as promised dimly to our fallen parents; He would be able in his human mind (through the beatific vision) to understand God's greatness as revealed in the visible and even in the invisible creation; by the divine dignity of His Person He could render the fullest and most adequate adoration and praise to the Heavenly

Father, and thus make up fully for the deficit caused by the weakness or even unwillingness of fallen men in their duty of adoration and praise. And the merciful Father accepted the Incarnate Son's work of glorifying and adoring God for us in anticipation, if only men would show their good will of doing for His glory what they were able to do.

It is true that the very fact of becoming man was such an act of adoration on the part of the Son of God, that this alone would have sufficed to supplement our deficiency or unwillingness of praising God; but we should never have appreciated that great deed, had He completed this task by a momentary life on earth in obedience to His heavenly Father. The almighty Father had determined, as it were, in council with the Wisdom of the Son and the Love of the Holy Ghost that His Incarnate Son was to glorify Him by His obedience even to the death of the cross. And of sinful men he demanded a tangible proof of their sincere will to honor Him according to their means and capacity. For this purpose He ordered in the Old Testament the sacrifices of holocausts or whole burnt offerings. As in the peace offerings the offerer of a holocaust was to be pure from all legal uncleanness; but he did not, as in the peace offerings, receive a part of the offered animal for a religious banquet; in the holocausts all the clean parts were to be burnt and should rise to God in the odor of sweetness. The qualities of the animals too were limited, more so than in the case of the other sacrifices, for only the most perfect and costly victims were admitted for these. We see from this law, how amongst the gifts of the Magi, gold, the most precious and noble of them, represents most suitably the sacrifice of holocaust.

The prescribed daily victims themselves, (a pair of lambs, but on the Sabbath two pairs,) had a symbolical meaning; the great number of them offered through hundreds of years were a constant lesson, bringing home to the Israelites the fact that all the valuable material gifts were in themselves insufficient for the purpose of adequately glorifying God, and also that they acquired their value by being shadows and symbols of the promised Lamb of God. And God left them not in ignorance of the fact that one day all these shadows and symbols would have to give way to the more pleasing and entirely satisfactory sacrifice of the Lamb. Finally, on Good Friday, when that Lamb was immolated on Calvary, the veil of the Holy of Holies in the temple was rent; and thereby the old holocausts of the temple were officially abolished as sacrifices demanded and accepted by God.

The idea of adoration was, however, not limited to the sacrifices of holocausts, but entered also into the two other kinds; for of each vic-

tim the fat of the entrails had to be burnt on the altar to the glory of God. The offering of fat signified the preeminence of adoration in each sacrifice; for the fat is for the Oriental far the best and choicest part of the animal, so that an offering was considered to be all the more for God's glory the fatter the victim was. Here again we see the significance of gold, the most precious metal as the symbol of the sacrifice of adoration.

OUR SACRIFICE OF PRAISE AND ADORATION

The abolition of the ancient sacrifices would have left us Christians without a means of showing our sincere will of praising and adoring God, and of sharing in the merits of the perfect holocaust of the Son of God, had not Our Blessed Lord made timely and ample provision, so that in this respect we should not be poorer but rather richer than the ancient people of God. He instituted the Holy Eucharist as our sacrifice of adoration and praise, so that we are able to offer Him as our victim; and with Him and through Him include ourselves in the most perfect sacrifice of praise and adoration, sharing thereby in the fruit of His sacrifice of praise on the cross. For, according to His own words, we are able to offer to the Heavenly Father the very body and blood, which He offered by His own free will on the cross in the most acceptable odor of sweetness.

Holy Church will not let us forget the fact that glorifying God is the most noble and the primary purpose of Holy Mass; for we meet again and again expressions of praise and adoration in the prayers of the "Ordinary" of the Mass. Not only the repeated "Gloria Patri" and the "Gloria in excelsis" express this idea, but also the second part of the Preface. And even

The New Year

M. E. HENRY-RUFFIN, L. H. D.

Swift turn the pages of life,
Winged time! as you hasten away;
And old years, with their failures rife
On the dead days in silence stay,
And each new leaf, still whiter be.

Strong, heavenly help we must call,
To keep the book opened wide
To-day, that its records all
In honor, not shame abide
Through the year and from failures be free.

Aid us, Father! on white leaves to write
Firmly and clear each day
No stain on the pages so bright;
But pure, undefiled may they stay
Till New Year as Old Year, we see.

"Graciously regard, we beseech Thee, O Lord, the gifts of thy Church: in which gold, frankincense, and myrrh are no longer laid before Thee; but He is sacrificed and re-

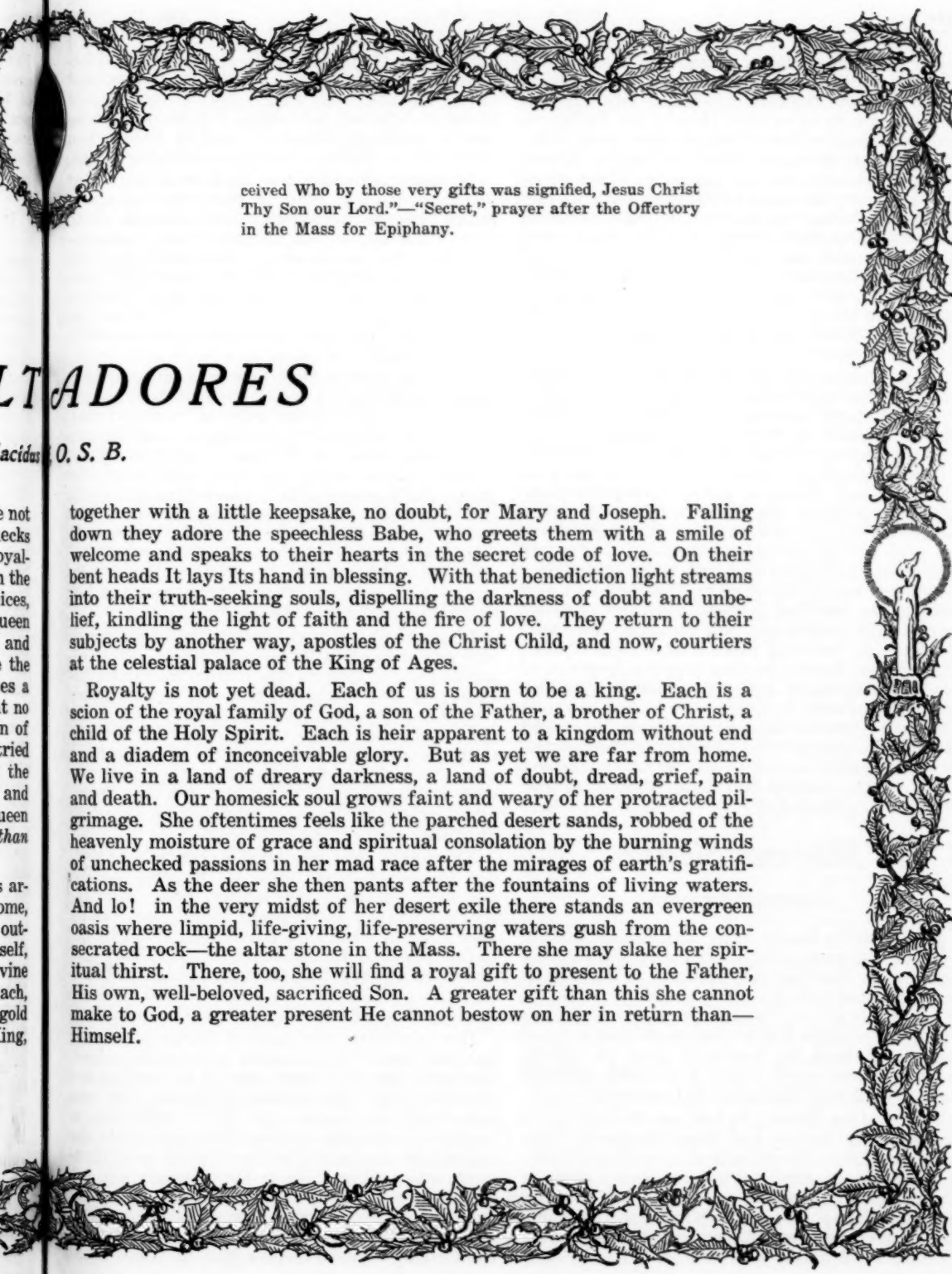
ROYALTY

Placidus O.



WHEN kings and queens go visiting, they come not empty-handed. All Jerusalem craned their necks to catch a glimpse of the gorgeous train of royal-liveried camels freighted with treasures from the opulent Orient, vast stores of aromatic spices, gold, and precious stones, the gift of the queen of Saba as she came to visit the wealthiest and wisest of earthly monarchs, King Solomon. "She gave the king a hundred and twenty talents of gold, and of spices a very great store, and precious stones: there was brought no more such abundance of spices as these which the queen of Saba gave to king Solomon."—3 Kings 10:10. She came, tried with hard questions, saw the wisdom of the king, and the house that he had built, the splendor of his court, admired, wondered, and returned home richer than she had come. For the king "gave to the queen of Saba all that she desired, and that she asked, and *many more things than she brought him.*"—2 Par. 9:12.

Again Jerusalem is astir with feverish excitement. An embassy has arrived from the land of the rising sun. Three crowned heads have come, seeking the new-born King of the Jews, whose self-willed poverty outshines the gilded splendor of Solomon's court, Who is eternal Wisdom itself, and heaven's bounteous Lord, Who dismisses no one without His divine blessing and royal gifts. The three Magi come with mystic presents. Each, by divine intuition has selected a prophetic gift for the King of Kings: gold for the God-king, incense for the Priest-king, myrrh for the Savior-King,




ceived Who by those very gifts was signified, Jesus Christ
Thy Son our Lord."—"Secret," prayer after the Offertory
in the Mass for Epiphany.

LTADORES

acías O. S. B.

together with a little keepsake, no doubt, for Mary and Joseph. Falling down they adore the speechless Babe, who greets them with a smile of welcome and speaks to their hearts in the secret code of love. On their bent heads It lays Its hand in blessing. With that benediction light streams into their truth-seeking souls, dispelling the darkness of doubt and unbelief, kindling the light of faith and the fire of love. They return to their subjects by another way, apostles of the Christ Child, and now, courtiers at the celestial palace of the King of Ages.

Royalty is not yet dead. Each of us is born to be a king. Each is a scion of the royal family of God, a son of the Father, a brother of Christ, a child of the Holy Spirit. Each is heir apparent to a kingdom without end and a diadem of inconceivable glory. But as yet we are far from home. We live in a land of dreary darkness, a land of doubt, dread, grief, pain and death. Our homesick soul grows faint and weary of her protracted pilgrimage. She oftentimes feels like the parched desert sands, robbed of the heavenly moisture of grace and spiritual consolation by the burning winds of unchecked passions in her mad race after the mirages of earth's gratifications. As the deer she then pants after the fountains of living waters. And lo! in the very midst of her desert exile there stands an evergreen oasis where limpid, life-giving, life-preserving waters gush from the consecrated rock—the altar stone in the Mass. There she may slake her spiritual thirst. There, too, she will find a royal gift to present to the Father, His own, well-beloved, sacrificed Son. A greater gift than this she cannot make to God, a greater present He cannot bestow on her in return than—Himself.



after the Consecration, when our Blessed Lord is really on the altar, holy Church does not wish us to limit our adoration to His Divine Person; but she wants us to offer Him to the Father in praise and adoration. This appears most strikingly in the "little elevation" before the "Pater noster," which in our days is not so well noticed as in the earlier ages when the priest at holy Mass was facing the people. At that ceremony he first makes five crosses over the chalice and the altar, and then lifts up chalice and host simultaneously whilst he say: "By Him (Christ our Lord), and with Him, and in Him, is to Thee, God the Father almighty, in the unity of the Holy Spirit, *all honor and glory* for ever and ever. Amen."

If we realize our primary human and Christian duty of adoring and praising God, and if we understand how easy our Lord has made it for us to fulfil it, there will be no need of exhorting anyone, to make holy Mass, if possible, his daily sacrifice. And we shall then not give the first and foremost place during the holy action to petitions for our own daily, and often petty, needs and desires; but we shall above all give to God the things that are God's, our praise and adoration and with them our perfect obedience and submission to His holy will and ordinances. For God is not only praised through words and sentiments, but by deeds and self-denial. By fulfilling this foremost and noblest duty we are indeed seeking first the kingdom of God and its justice, and shall experience that all other things shall be added unto us; for the good God will never be outdone in generosity. And we may then hope to be admitted to the heavenly hosts, whose constant and eternal occupation is to praise, glorify and adore their God and Creator.—(Apoc. 4, 5.)

Margaret Sinclair

FLORENCE GILMORE

THERE is bright hope of the beatification of Margaret Sinclair, the "ever-cheerful," fun-loving, working girl who was as obscure as anyone could well be while she lived; but already, three years after her death, is known and revered and loved far beyond the borders of her native Scotland, by hundreds and thousands who, like her, must travel a prosaic, monotonous, uphill road through life to heaven.

It would be difficult to find anywhere a more wholesomely human girl than Margaret. She was comical; she delighted in sleeping early and late; she liked to have pretty clothes; she enjoyed games and swimming and boating and vacations; she was fond of dancing, especially with her father, for, as she explained, "He does not dance very well, and I have such

fun trying to teach him." But above and beyond all this, Margaret prayed fervently and tirelessly, and used every simple means she knew to help her to control her temper, to be kind to everyone about her, and to smile when frowning or sighing would have been far easier.

Margaret Sinclair, the third in a family of six children, was born in the slums of Edinburgh, on the twenty-ninth of August, 1900. Her father was a poor, hard-working man, employed by the city as one of its scavengers. He had become a Catholic shortly before his marriage. Mrs. Sinclair was an exemplary Catholic and a wise and tender mother, with more refinement but not more education than the average woman of her class.

Even as a child Margaret was unusual in a simple, unobtrusive way. One of her former teachers remembers her only as "a pale-faced, little mouse of a girl"; but others, both Sisters and companions, recall that she was jolly, bright, always ready for fun, and genuinely pious. She was unselfish in ways unusual among children, never insisting in having her own way in any game which was afoot, and always willing to give up what she was playing with, if some one else wanted it. Within the family circle, she was her mother's best helper and her brothers' and sisters' kindest friend.

Lizzie, the baby of the family, tells that, when she was a very little girl, Margaret often reminded her to look as cheerful as she could, because, as she would explain, "It makes other people happy to see a cheerful face." When the time came for Lizzie to make her First Holy Communion, there was no money to spare for a new white dress, so Margaret—always handy with her needle—cut down her own best dress; and Lizzie looked as well and felt as happy as any other child in the little band.

Throughout her childhood Margaret was slender and white-faced, probably because she did not have sufficient nourishing food. Her father's earnings were small, and the family large; and a winter, in particular, when he lay ill for three months, the children were half-clad and often hungry. One morning Margaret fainted during Mass, and the Sister found that she was barefoot and had had almost no breakfast.

Her education was that of the average poor Catholic girl. She attended a parochial school, and for a time had night lessons in cooking and dressmaking. She studied diligently, but was not clever, and to the end of her short life so simple a matter as spelling the easy words she wished to use, made letter writing a burdensome task to her. When Mr. Sinclair and his eldest son were away at the war, the ungrateful privilege of penning the family letters to them fell to Margaret. One evening her mother chanced to turn suddenly, just in time to see

Margaret cutting a goodly strip off the end of her sheet of writing paper to make it smaller. "So that's the way you write to John! I caught you!" Mrs. Sinclair exclaimed. "You turned too quickly; I have often done it before," Margaret admitted.

As for punctuation, it was a mystery she did not fathom. Even her father could correct her there. A post card, written by Margaret, in her mother's name, and sent to the front, Mr. Sinclair took pains to keep for the sake of teasing her. "God keep you from your loving wife," it read; instead of, "God keep you. From your loving wife."

On leaving school, Margaret took up french polishing as an apprentice at the Waverly Cabinet Works in Edinburgh. The War ruined the business of the firm, and when it failed, Margaret was given a recommendation as an excellent worker, and soon secured a position in a biscuit factory, where she french-polished the show cases which were used to exhibit samples. On a small table at her side she always kept her beads, and she wore her "Handmaid of the Blessed Sacrament" badge pinned to her working apron. One day another Catholic girl asked her if she were not afraid to show her religion so openly, and Margaret answered quietly, "There's nothing to be afraid of about being a handmaid of God."

By this time, merry and fun-loving as she was, Margaret had begun to practice real penance. She never missed daily Mass and Holy Communion, although this often made it necessary for her to go to work without any breakfast. Her lunch she carried to the shop with her, and many a day took it home untouched, because instead of taking time to eat it she had spent her noon hour before the Blessed Sacrament: where, it must be admitted, she often fell asleep from sheer weariness. She wore constantly a cross studded with nails which pierced her back with every movement. However tired she might be, and however late in getting to her room at night, she said the rosary and other prayers; and often the sister who slept in the same room with her would awaken in the middle of the night to see Margaret on her knees. Of such things as these her friends knew nothing, her family only part, until long afterward.

Margaret's first whist party, long a joke in the family, was typical of the jolly, childlike side of her that was visible to all. A friend gave Mrs. Sinclair tickets to a charity card party for Margaret and her elder sister. Greatly pleased, the girls ate their supper hurriedly, put on their heaviest wraps, and ran off. Soon they were back, laughing heartily. "It's a real party, Mother; they're all sitting at tables. We'll have to dress up!" So they put on their best blouses and started a second time. Mar-

garet had never played whist before, but she won a prize of five shillings—which may prove only that the other players were exceptionally poor.

So like other girls was Margaret that she had a lover, and for a time there was question of her marrying. The young man, an ex-soldier, was very careless in the practice of his religion when she first met him, and at once Margaret became interested in helping him to do better. He was greatly attracted by her, and soon began to ask her to go about with him. She would accept invitations only on condition that her sister Bella was included. He bought candy and cakes for them, and took them to see the sights of the small village which they were visiting. Margaret enjoyed the candy, but talked to him about his soul. After a little urging he promised to go regularly to Mass. He had fallen into a habit of profanity, and when she reproached him with it, he tried his best to guard his tongue. He even became a Knight of the Blessed Sacrament.

Margaret told him that she had no intention of marrying him, but against her inclination they gradually drifted into something very like a definite engagement. Margaret was miserable over the affair, but feared to end it. "He may lose his soul if I do. I'd much rather be sacrificed than that," she told her mother. When Mrs. Sinclair realized that Margaret was deeply unhappy, she advised her to tell the young man plainly that she would never marry him. "I have; but he says he will do away with himself if I throw him over," Margaret told her; and later, she confided to some one, "I thought for a time that it was the will of God, and hoped that I might grow to like him."

At length, in deep trouble, Margaret went to a Jesuit priest and laid the case before him, asking whether it would be wrong for her to break with the young man. He told her that she had done a great act of charity in recalling him to the practice of his religion, but was in no way bound to marry him. Overjoyed, Margaret went directly home and wrote to her suitor, saying plainly that she did not care for him and wished to break with him entirely; adding, "You will recollect, a year ago I wrote a similar letter to this, but when you came, you implored of me not to. I must be rather chicken-hearted, because I agreed, but I feel I cannot let it go on any longer."

The lover was deeply chagrined, but had to accept the inevitable. He sent back the beads and prayer book which she had given him. Later he told a priest who had known Margaret, "Her conversation was generally about religion, telling me to go to my duties, etc. She allowed no flirting or walking arm in arm. I never dared to be familiar with her. What I admired was her faith. She made a new man of me."

As a child Margaret had said, "I could never enter a convent, because I couldn't get up early enough in the morning." Now she changed her mind. A desire for the religious life grew strong within her heart. She spoke to her confessor of it, and of her attraction for the Poor Clares; and he advised her to apply for admission into their nearest convent as an extern sister. There proved to be no room for her there, so she wrote to the house in London. The Mother Superior answered that she could be received, but warned her that the life was one of great austerity. "I know; I have been practicing for some time past," Margaret replied; and indeed she had! A priest who knew her intimately said, "It seems to me that her sanctity was assured before she saw the convent, and her life there was the test of its stability."

It was in July, 1923, that Margaret became a postulant in the Poor Clare convent of London; and after two very, very happy years of religious life, she died in November, 1925. Even as a child she had not been strong, and she had never spared herself in regard either to work or mortification. Soon after receiving the habit she began to spit blood, to lose weight, to be always, always tired: another victim of the dread disease, tuberculosis. The doctor advised sending her away from London, so she was placed in a hospital under the direction of the Sisters of Charity. Poor Margaret! So heart-broken was she at leaving her beloved convent that she cried all the way to the sanitarium.

Week after week she lingered, from spring until late in the autumn, edifying all who came in contact with her. "How nice it is to be able to suffer something for Our Lord's sake," she would say brightly when the pain was particularly severe. To the last her face was radiant and she thoroughly enjoyed a joke; to the last she was tenderly thoughtful of everyone about her and careful to give as little trouble as possible. Prayer became more and more literally her whole life.

It was on the twenty-fifth of November, 1925, that Margaret died: she whom the world calls, not Sister Mary Frances, but Margaret Sinclair; whom it reveres, not as a Poor Clare, but as a twentieth-century working girl, like, and yet very unlike, so many thousands in every big city of the world.

As one of her biographers said, "She was a little sunbeam lent by God to give joy in a dingy world." But He did not lend her for very long.

Every Communion is a soul tonic.

Which do you prefer sickness or health? St. Teresa says on this point: "Here is our error, in not entirely resigning ourselves to the will of our Lord, Who knows what is the best for us."

Eucharistic Thoughts

V. D.

The very fact that Christ veils His glory in the Blessed Sacrament is an added reason why we should strive to augment the splendor of His earthly dwelling—the Altar.

Christ once lived a mortal life, first hidden, then public, but always full of suffering; now He lives a sacramental life, hidden in the Mystery of the Real Presence, public in the lavish distribution of Himself in Holy Communion, mystically full of suffering in the unbloody Sacrifice of the Mass.

When the soul craves the waters of refreshment, deny not its desire, but hasten to the Holy Table, there to quench its thirst at the perennial springs of the life-giving Sacrament.

How will Christ recognize as His servants those who never receive Him in the Sacrament of His love?

In the Eucharist Christ speaks to the ear of our heart.

One of the outstanding results of Holy Communion is that It is a remedy against sin.

The Body of Christ is undivided although given to many.

The number of fervent Communions we have received will be a glory to us for all eternity.

The Bread of the Strong

V. D.

See the many fearless warriors

On the blood-stained field of strife.

Whence their courage? whence their prowess

In this land with carnage rife?

They have dined on royal dainties—

They have ta'en the Bread of Life.

Distractions

V. D.

Too many outward things beguile the eyes

That should be turned more oft to inward things,

And truant thoughts crowd out the ghostly prize

That each Communion with it brings.

Too many vain and worldly sounds distract

The listener who harks to chants divine,

And earthly viands often warp the taste

That should find joy in Hallowed Bread and Wine.

KWEEERY KORNER

REV. HENRY COURTNEY, O. S. B., editor, St. Benedict's Abbey, Atchison, Kan.

Rules for the Question Box

Questions must be placed on a separate piece of paper used for that purpose only.

All questions must be written plainly and on one side of the paper.

No name need be signed to the questions.

All questions will be answered in the order received. Send questions to THE GRAIL, St. Meinrad, Ind.

In a Christmas sermon I heard a priest speak of the threefold birth of Christ—what does that mean?

On Christmas Day every priest is permitted the great privilege of offering up the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass three times in honor of the threefold birth of Christ. The first is the eternal birth of Christ as God from His Heavenly Father; the second is His human birth from His Immaculate Mother, and the third is His birth in our souls by divine grace.

Does the Pope choose his own name?

Yes. After he is elected to the papacy the pope chooses the name by which he will be known and this choice is generally motivated by his personal devotion to a Saint or a former pope.

I thought Heaven would last forever; but in a Sunday Gospel some time ago the priest read: "Heaven and earth shall pass, but my words shall not pass."

The text you quote is found in the Gospel for the last Sunday after Pentecost and is the 35th verse of the 24th Chapter in St. Matthew's Gospel. In this instance the word "Heaven" does not refer to the place of the Beatific Vision of God and the home of the Blessed, but signifies the firmament, the stars, planets, etc., in distinction to the world on which we live.

Who instituted the "Heroic Act of Charity"?

The Heroic Act of Charity was instituted by Blessed Gaspar Olider who lived in the beginning of the eighteenth century. He belonged to the Theatine Fathers.

Was time created by God and when?

Time is a creature and hence the work of God. The moment that a thing existing in the mind of God began to have external movement, that moment time began.

Who founded the Unitarians and what is their belief?

The Unitarians were founded about 1645 by John Biddle. The Unitarians in their present form of belief and practice owe their foundation to Theophilus Linsley in 1774. The theology of the Unitarians is of a negative character. It consists mainly in a denial of Christian doctrines and customs. They reject the doctrine of the Blessed Trinity; they deny the Divinity of Christ, His supernatural birth, His vicarious atonement and the Sacraments. They do not admit original sin or eternal punishment. They adhere to the rite of infant baptism and the Lord's supper, though denying their sacramental character. They claim to be Christians but maintain that Christ was only a model man.

Why do we say "Lead us not into temptation"? Does God lead us into sin.

The word "lead" in this petition of the Our Father is a peculiarity of the Hebrew tongue. In that language verbs expressing permission are sometimes used in an active sense. Therefore the real meaning of the petition in question is: "O Lord, do not permit us to be led into or overcome by temptation."

Is the story of the Blessed Virgin's visit to Saint Elizabeth biblical or historical?

It is both. The Evangelist Saint Luke recounts the story in the first Chapter of his Holy Gospel and hence it is biblical. The Church celebrates the Feast of the Visitation with Divine Office and Mass each year on the 2nd day of July and has incorporated the story as one of the fifteen mysteries of the rosary and therefore the story is also liturgical.

Are the "True Story" and "True Confessions" magazines forbidden by the Church?

The magazines you mention are unfit reading for any lady or gentleman. In the first place the stories are not true and secondly they deal with matters best left alone. There are plenty of good Catholic books and magazines, the reading of which is instructive and helpful along best lines of human interest.

Was there ever an English Pope?

Yes, Pope Adrian IV who was elected in 1154 and died in 1159 was of an English family named Breakspere.

Is it a fact that there is a passage in the Bible which says there is no God?

The first Verse of the 13th Psalm reads: "The fool hath said in his heart: There is no God." Hence the very reading of the text itself forms a proof for the existence of a God.

Do non-Catholics have Guardian Angels?

It is considered a point of our Holy Faith that angels are appointed to be the guardians of men. It is not of faith that each person has his own individual guardian angel, though this doctrine is held by some Doctors of the Church. Saint Jerome says: "The dignity of a soul is so great that each has an angel guardian from birth." Granted that this statement is true, then we would hold that every member of the human family has a guardian angel.

Was there ever anyone besides the Blessed Virgin Mary born without sin?

Yes. The Blessed Virgin Mary is the only human being who was conceived without sin. But the Prophet Jeremias in the Old Testament and John the Baptist in the New Testament were both sanctified in their mothers' wombs and hence were born without sin.

Notes of Interest

From the Field of Science

—A safer era for air navigation is promised in the latest autogiro, invented by the Spaniard, Juan de la Cierva. The autogiro is a flying machine that looks like a cross between a windmill and a dragon fly. The dragon fly is had in the usual airplane, whilst the windmill is seen in four great vanes mounted above the plane on a vertical axis. The autogiro plane recently flew across the English Channel. The great advantage of the autogiro is that it can descend almost vertically and at a slow speed. The great vanes are rotated by the air pressure of flight or descent, and serve to stabilize the machine.

—Much interest was aroused over the use of 'Blaugas' when the Graf Zeppelin, the giant dirigible, crossed the Atlantic Ocean. The word 'Blau' is not the German word for 'blue,' but the name of the inventor. The gas has been known for some time, and is obtained by distilling crude oils at intense heat. The gas is not used for inflating the air ship, but for driving the engines. The engines were formerly driven by gasoline, and as this was consumed, the air ship grew lighter, rose higher into the air, and could be brought lower only by losing much valuable hydrogen gas used for inflation. The 'Blaugas,' having the same weight as air, does not unbalance the displacement.

—The doctrine of equality among men threatened by extreme evolution! Such is the conclusion one draws after reading a review by John A. Ryan in *The Commonwealth* of Dec. 5, 1928. The review is of a book entitled, 'The American Philosophy of Equality,' which would discard the idea of men being equal by creation according to the image and likeness of God. The book would consider man merely as a 'biological organism,' and suggests for the norm of equality among men the mere desirability of such equality, regardless of whether men are equal in the old sense or not.

—Radio outran the hurricane which swept Florida and left 100,000 people homeless. With telephone and telegraph wires torn down by the storm, the radio stations were the only possible means for communication. A remarkable feature was the part played by amateur operators. They broadcast the warnings in advance of the storm, kept vigil during the storm, and later relayed many messages for anxious relatives and friends.

—When you light a match, you are using one of man's oldest servants,—sulphur. The old servant is being taught new tricks. Nearly two hundred new uses have been found for sulphur. Flower pots that withstand a fall from the table onto a tile floor, artificial marble and pottery with all the colors of the rainbow, cutting oils that reduce the time for turning metal, railroad ties that appear like petrified wood,—are all due to new uses of sulphur. The most promising use for sulphur appears to be for concrete. Piling made of concrete deteriorates rapidly in sea water, but when soaked in molten sulphur it withstands the corrosion.

The action of sewage on concrete pipes treated with sulphur is also negligible. Such tiles can also support four times more weight than the untreated tiles.

—The present day popularizing of 'atoms,' 'molecules,' 'electrons,' 'ions,' etc., in physics and chemistry, brings also to the general public the question as to the ultimate constitution of matter. The conclusion of an article: 'Physics and Metaphysics,' by H. V. Gill, S. J., in the *December Month*, may well be quoted in this regard. 'The present time is a time of very extravagant theorizing, and we should be slow to attach any great importance to successive theories as they arise. The endeavor to understand the constitution of matter has been going on since men began to think, and such speculations are useful in stimulating our interest in the universe of which we form a part. Yet, it would be absurd to suppose that even when we have analyzed an electron and know all about its shape and motions, we shall be any nearer to the final reality of creation. These fundamental things will never be attainable by the senses. This need not deter us from such studies, for there will be always more to discover than the human mind can grasp.'

—Huge neon lights serve to guide aviators at night and during fog. The orange-red light of the electric bulb filled with the neon gas is very penetrating,—one beacon in New York is able to send its light 25 miles on a foggy night.

—We shall soon be able to phone for the air taxi,—and speed in an airplane from city to city. Air taxi service is to be established between twenty-five cities in the United States.

—Looking at your house before you build it, is the recent development in architecture. Miniature models of the proposed building, often built on a miniature model of the site, show how the architect can take advantage of natural settings, avoid costly mistakes, and please his patron.

—Another scourge appears to have yielded to medical science. Infantile paralysis, which threatened to become epidemic last summer, was stamped out by means of a new serum.

—Porto Rico is growing a new fruit,—a sweet lemon.

—The speed record for motor boats is ninety-three miles an hour. Two ten-thousand dollar engines of twelve cylinders each made up the power plant of the craft.

"APPLIED" SCIENCE

—Scientists claim that the next war will be fought by wireless. When static is bad, it appears to be here already.

—Many automobiles have lessened the distance between the house and the poorhouse.

—An old problem in mathematics, not yet solved in money problems, is how to make V equal to X.

—'Board and rooms' may now be taken literally,—a German scientist has converted wood into food.

—Please interpret this,—Air male takes jump as rates are reduced.

—Esperanto appears to be the universal language that is spoken nowhere.

—Children are larger for their age than formerly,—at least to street car conductors.

—Some scientists claim that all diets are wrong,—at least many diets taste that way.

—The average 'income' of some people is about 1 a. m.

—After the purchase of a new car, the owner is out a good deal,—usually about \$800.

—If perfume is to indicate personality,—the quince ought to furnish an aroma.

—Many people take the steering wheel and the speed laws into their hands at the same time.

—Some psychologists claim there is no pain,—but what is it some people give us?

—He who hesitates is honked.

—People who push usually have the pull.

—The country appears to need a foolproof stork.

—Ambition may move a person, but so also does the 'No Parking' sign. COLUMBAN THUIS, O. S. B.

Miscellaneous

—The dedication services of St. Hilary's parochial school in Chicago took place on Nov. 11. The 230 parochial schools within the great metropolis are educating 165,000 pupils, exclusive of more than 200,000 in high school, college, and seminary.

—At the twenty-third annual meeting of the Catholic Church Extension Society in Chicago recently it was shown that the Society is making constant progress. During the past year the Society collected \$1,396,610.24.

—A notable event at Baltimore on Nov. 18 was the blessing and the laying of the corner stone of the new St. Mary's Seminary. Archbishop Curley addressed the great throng that came for the ceremonies. St. Mary's Seminary, the first within the limits of the United States, has been under the direction of the Sulpicians from its foundation, 137 years ago, when it was established by Archbishop Carroll, the first bishop in our country.

—To commemorate the seventy-fifth anniversary of the establishment of the diocese of Erie, the *Lakeshore Visitor*, in its issue of Nov. 16, got out a diamond jubilee number as supplement to the regular weekly edition. Rt. Rev. John Mark Gannon, Ordinary of Erie, is the fifth bishop of Erie. The illustrated supplement sketches briefly the history of the diocese.

Benedictine

—In the November number of THE GRAIL we called attention to the fact that five of the former abbots of Holy Trinity Abbey at Cava, Italy, had recently been declared "Blessed." According to the Roman correspondent in the London *Universe* eight abbots of Cava now have that distinction. They are: Blessed Simeone (1124-1141), Bl. Falcone (1141-1146), Bl. Marino (1146-1170), Bl. Benincasa (1171-1179), Bl. Peter II (1195-1208), Bl. Balsamo (1208-1232), Bl. Leonard (1232-1255), Bl. Leo II (1268-1285).

—An interesting news letter of two pages, a sort of house organ, called *The Abbey News*, is published at Atchison, Kan., "for the friends of St. Benedict's Abbey."

—In the hidden life of convent and monastic cell many a flower of rare virtue blooms and scatters the sweet perfume of its virtue unknown to the rest of the world. On Nov. 12th the Divine Gardener plucked one such flower from its earthly habitation—in the Benedictine Convent of the Immaculate Conception at Ferdinand, Ind., and transplanted it with tender care in His paradise of delights. Such was the edifying death of Sister Alexia Pohl, O. S. B., whose passing to the life beyond the grave, though it came rather suddenly, was calm and peaceful and without a struggle. Bedridden and a constant sufferer, yet always resigned to the holy will of God, Sr. Alexia bore her trials patiently and without complaint. For years she had passed the hours of the day in prayer and in doing fancy work, for she was skilled with the needle. Sister Alexia, who was a native of Indiana, was one of fourteen children. Sister Justina, O. S. B., of the same convent, is a sister of hers, while Rev. George Pohl, of Rockport, is her brother. R. I. P.

—In the Convent of the Benedictine Nuns at Fiume, Italy, Professor Anna Christolfi, Ph. D., was recently invested with the habit of St. Benedict.

—The new St. Gertrude's School of Arts and Crafts, at Brookland, D. C., which is in charge of Benedictine Sisters from Duluth, Minn., and under the direction of Dom Thomas V. Moore, O. S. B., Ph. D., was blessed not long ago.

—There are in the United States more than 4,000 Benedictine Sisters who descend from a small band of three nuns that came from St. Walburga's Abbey, Eichstaedt, Germany, in 1852. These pioneers braved the hardships of the long journey in those days by water and by land when travel was not the comfort and luxury it is nowadays. Arriving at St. Vincent's Archabbey on July 8, 1852, they halted for a week's rest. They then set out over the rough mountain roads for St. Mary's, which is in the diocese of Erie, Pa. They were a week on the way. The same distance is now covered in a few hours. At St. Mary's they established their first house in the new world. In the following year they were joined by three more nuns from St. Walburga's. In the beginning they recited the divine office as they had been accustomed to do in their mother house. However, because of their many and strenuous duties in the schools and elsewhere, the Holy See permitted them to substitute the Little Office of the Blessed Virgin instead. The tiny seed, planted at St. Mary's seventy-six years ago, has grown into a mighty tree whose branches shelter some twenty mother houses throughout the country. Of this number ten have united to form the Congregation of St. Scholastica, which has resumed the recitation of the divine office in choir.

—We are glad to note that New Subiaco Abbey in Arkansas, which was almost totally destroyed shortly before Christmas in 1927, is slowly but surely reviving. According to the November number of the *Periscope*,

the college paper, the building contractors hoped by the end of December to have that part of abbey and college restored which had been only partially destroyed. More than one half of the former quadrangle, however, which had to be leveled to the ground cannot be rebuilt until there are sufficient funds in the treasury to warrant such an undertaking. We recommend to our readers the urgent needs of our brethren at Subiaco.

—The fire demon has again brought misfortune to Subiaco. On Dec. 7 another fire did damage to the amount of \$20,000 or more. The conflagration broke out in the former theater, which was being used temporarily for a church. The flames spread also to St. Anthony's Hall, the gymnasium. It was reported that classes would not be interrupted.

—Dom Anselm Fox, O. S. B., Prior of St. Augustine Abbey, Ramsgate, England, died on Nov. 8. Born on March 29, 1843, he was in his eighty-sixth year. Dom Anselm made his religious profession as Benedictine in 1861 at Subiaco, Italy, where St. Benedict began his religious life and laid the foundations of his Order, which has survived the storms of more than fourteen centuries. Dom Anselm returned to England in 1869 and then in 1876 went to the missions in Australia, where he remained till 1890, when he once more went back to his native land. Despite his many external activities Dom Anselm was remarkable for his fidelity to regular observance. R. I. P.

—On armistice day, Nov. 11, there was blessed at St. Benedict's Priory Church, Ealing, London, Holy Souls Chapel, which is dedicated to the memory of the men of the parish who fell in the late war. Dom Benedict Kuypers, O. S. B., Prior of Ealing Priory, performed the sacred ceremony.

—Colwich Priory of the Benedictine Nuns of Perpetual Adoration, in the diocese of Birmingham, England, has been raised to the rank of abbey. Sister Mary Magdalene, O. S. B., the first Lady Abbess, received the canonical benediction and was installed in office on Nov. 18 by Bishop Barrett. Colwich Abbey is under the patronage of Our Lady of Good Counsel and St. Benedict. The community at Colwich was founded in 1652. Next year, 1929, it will be one hundred years since these Nuns began Perpetual Adoration.

—In the passing of Father Rhabanus Gutmann, O. S. B., who went to his reward at St. Vincent Archabbey, Latrobe, Pa., on Dec. 1, death has claimed another aged member of the Order. The deceased was born in Churhessia on May 11, 1845. Having finished his classical studies with the Benedictines at Engelberg, Switzerland, he felt a call to the missions in North America. Having crossed the Atlantic in 1867, he made his way to Fulda, Ind., a few miles distant from St. Meinrad, where he visited with relatives. Believing himself called to the priesthood in the monastic state, he made application at St. Meinrad, where he was received. Not yet acclimated to this part of the country, he soon found it necessary to leave again because of poor health. Having gone to Pennsylvania, he afterwards entered the novitiate at St. Vincent's,

where he was professed on Dec. 8, 1869. Three years later, on Dec. 21, 1872, having reached his goal, priestly powers were conferred upon him. The fruitful years of his long priesthood were occupied mainly with pastoral duties, which he performed in numerous states from New Jersey to Colorado, even reaching as far as Bahia, in Brazil, South America.

—THE FIRST CHINESE BENEDICTINE:—(Contributed.)—On October 5th a young Chinaman, Albert Yong Ann Yuen, took his holy vows in the Benedictine Abbey of St. Andrew, near Bruges, Belgium, taking the name Brother Thaddeus. He was one of two representatives of the Chinese Catholic Young Men's Society who met the Chinese Bishops at that Abbey at Christmas, 1926, during their visit to Europe. The question of founding a Benedictine Abbey in China was then discussed, and a few months after two Fathers of Bruges set out for the Far East. About the same time, on April 22, 1927, Albert Yong, entered the novitiate at St. Andrews. His recent profession marks an epoch in the history of the Benedictine Order, which is now ready to adapt its apostolic spirit and its Holy Rule to Asiatic needs and repeat in the East its oldtime conquests in the West. American Benedictines are throwing themselves into the work as well.—It should however be added, to the honor of the Lazarist Fathers, that Bro. Thaddeus Yong is one of their converts.—H. G. B.

—The same Abbey of St. Andrew also harbors another Chinese novice, Frater (Brother) Peter Celestine (René Lu Cheng-hysiang), who was formerly Prime Minister and Minister of Foreign Affairs of China, and former Special Ambassador to Brussels. Although somewhat advanced in age (born in May, 1871), Fr. Peter Celestine desires to prepare himself for the priesthood.

—Dom Jehan Joliet, O. S. B., and Dom Pius de Coquéau, O. S. B., two priests of St. Andrew's Abbey, who went to China in 1927 to prepare the way for a monastic foundation in Szechuan, remained till after Easter, 1928, at the Catholic University of Peking to learn the language of the country in which they wish to work.

—Among other items which are recorded in the Chronicle of Bulletin No. 5 of the Catholic University of Peking (reviewed elsewhere in this issue), we note the arrival at the University of Dom Boniface Martin, O. S. B., a monk of St. Bede Abbey, Peru, Ill. Dom Boniface is now one of the instructors at the University.

—On Aug. 15, 1928, Dom Francis Clougherty, O. S. B., took his triennial vows in the University Chapel at the University of Peking. As secular priest, Dom Francis was formerly president of the Pei Wen Academy at Kai-feng.

Felicity

KATE AYERS ROBERT

Could Mary know emotion
In this world or any other,
Like baby arms around her neck
And Jesus lisping "Mother"?

Our Sioux Indian Missions

Conducted by CLARE HAMPTON

Our Sioux Indian Missionaries

Rev. Ambrose Mattingley, O. S. B. Mail, express, and freight to Fort Totten, N. D.

Rev. Pius Boehm, O. S. B., and Rev. Justin Snyder, O. S. B. Mail to Stephan, S. D. Express and freight via Highmore, S. D.

Rev. Sylvester Eisenman, O. S. B. Mail to Marty, S. D. Express and freight via Ravinia, S. D.

Back to the Grind

The holidays over,—the gift-buying, the long preparation, the anticipation, the secret, locked treasure-closets—poof! It is all over with like a flash. Then back to the grind, the routine of daily work—wash days and ironing days and baking days for the women, and work at office or factory for the men. It is back to the grind at the missions too; back to school work—reviews, midyear examinations, blizzards, forty below zero, the endless sick calls.

For the good Sisters, the blessed work of the Lord, charity, which is never tiresome to those who love Him; for the untiring missionary, long trips, unspeakable cold, engine trouble, flat tires, debts, assisting and preparing souls to go to their Maker—mortifications and consolations mixed—golden steps to Heaven, all. Ah, ought we not to go on our knees to thank Almighty God that He still inspires heroic souls to go out into the wilderness to save souls—souls that would perish but for their gentle, kindly ministrations—we in our warm houses, with every convenience just within reach, with stores at every corner, and cars and busses passing at short intervals to take us wherever we wish to go?

Seven Dolors Mission

Father Ambrose writes that he is having car troubles. He needs a new radiator and new tires. "That necessary evil," he writes, "tries to outdo the grocery and meat man in the matter of expense." He travels more than a thousand miles a month in caring for his various missions.

"This is a busy week," continues the letter. "Mass here (Seven Dolors) followed by late Mass at St. Jerome's. Monday a funeral at St. Michael's; Wednesday a requiem; Thursday (All Saints Day), Mass here and at St. Jerome's; Friday two Masses here and late Mass at St. Michael's. During the week approximately one hundred Holy Communions." So we see that the missionary has no time to dream or take it easy. In fact, he very often has his much-needed rest interrupted by sick calls at any hour of the day or night. Yet he goes without a murmur, even though he has but just returned from a previous exhausting trip, and thought to spend a few hours in peace at home.

The carpenters have finished their work on the new Little Flower School, and now Father is closing the

building until Spring, when he hopes to have the necessary funds on hand to complete the work. Just now, they are sadly depleted. Even the work that is finished is not all paid for; a good-sized debt hangs over the present building, and then, there are beds and bedding, kitchen range and furnishings, plumbing and water systems, laundry equipment, desks, maps, books, and so many other things to be considered, which will be necessary for the care of the children.

A very good friend—Father Ambrose calls him "tried and true"—gave a sum of money which helped not a little in reducing the debt; were there a few more souls to help, with like sum, things would soon be in shape to admit the many Indian children clamoring for admittance to the new school. They are so delighted because they are to have this nice, new building in which to study, to pray, and live throughout the school year, but alas, it is a heavy cross to have to wait so very, very long for its doors to open.

All those who help in this great charity are investing in real "Bonds of the Bank of Heaven." This school will continue operating for generations after the donors are laid to rest, and thus their charity will continue working for their souls, like money compounded in bank.

Visiting Other Missions

Father Ambrose and two of the nuns of Seven Dolors went on a visit to several other missions, in order to interchange ideas with other workers. First they went to Marty, where Father Sylvester has raised up St. Paul's mission in a few years out of practically nothing. Ten years ago, Father Ambrose was stationed at Stephan, (Immaculate Conception Mission) from whence he served Marty and all the other missions of the Yankton Reservation. There was then at Marty nothing but a chapel and a small hut for the catechist. Since then the zeal of Father Sylvester

has, with God's help and the charitable cooperation of "stay-at-home" missionaries, built up a school to care for over two hundred children. Over eighty Bronzed Angels from Seven Dolors in North Dakota have been brought down here by good Father Sylvester, and are being cared for, body and soul, by the kind Sisters of the Blessed Sacrament, along with their own little flock.

From there, Fathers Sylvester and Ambrose and the nuns went to St. Francis Mission on the Rosebud Reservation, where the Jesuit Fathers and Sisters of St. Francis are caring for five hundred little Rosebud Indians. This is doubtless the largest Indian mission in existence. The fervor of these Indians is deserving of the highest praise. There is but little intemperance and divorce, and on Sundays the church is packed to the doors—even standing room being taken up. Upon complimenting the Father Superior on the happy conditions existing there, he replied, "It's all in the school, Father," meaning that the children are the means of



MRS. WHITETALLOW

bringing the older folks into the church. And not only that, but they grow up, marry, and send their children there in turn. The large school and beautiful church were built by the Indian boys under the supervision of one of the Brothers. The many chapels dotting the Reservation, and many of the Indian homes, owe their existence to the industry of this good Brother and his Indian helpers. There are approximately two hundred daily communicants at this mission.

Return to Marty

On Wednesday they returned to Marty, where they were welcomed as if they had been gone a month. The affection of the Indian children for their friends is truly wonderful. Father Ambrose said the children's Mass, and there were about two hundred daily communicants likewise. Father could not help but recall with a heavy heart that a like happy practice at Fort Totten was rudely suspended by the fire of two years ago. Since that time the glow of religious fervor has perceptibly waned, and the restraints on vice and the promptings to virtue are less pronounced. The influence of the school is painfully missed. Please God, in a few months we hope things will be different at Seven Dolores.

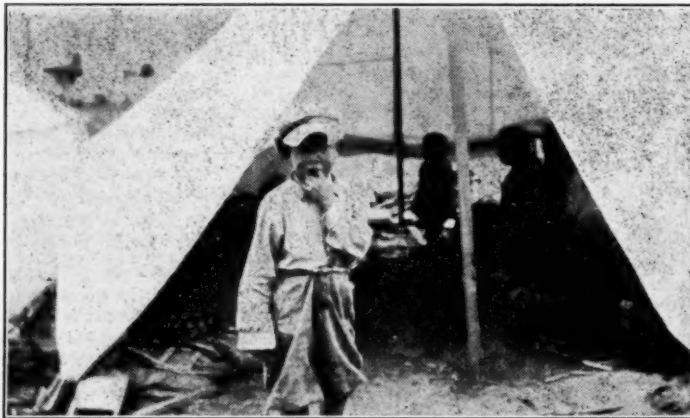
(To be continued next month)

Immaculate Conception Mission

Father Justin Snyder writes that they are having lots of snow, in fact, had their first big snowstorm on Oct. 30. Then it turned bitterly cold, and on All Saints' Day it was so cold and the snow so deep that the little ones were not allowed out of the building. Nine little Indian boys served the High Mass on All Saints' morning, and all day the little chapel over in the school building was crowded with little children making visits to gain as many indulgences as they could for the Poor Souls. It was too cold and snowy for them to go outside to the big church, but each little boy and girl had their rosary, and they never tired going back and forth and praying for the Holy Souls. On All Souls' Day there was no school, so again the children were busy all day making visits. Father had planned a procession to the cemetery, but it was given up on account of the deep snow.

Masses at Fort Thompson

Father Justin continues: "On All Souls Day I went down to Fort Thompson to have three Masses. I heard



INDIAN TIPI HOME

Confessions on Thursday night and again Friday morning. One old couple, Mr. and Mrs. Smells-the-Earth, stayed in the chapel for all three Masses. The snow between Immaculate Conception Mission and Fort Thompson was very deep, but I had no trouble getting down here. However, coming back Friday noon I got stuck, and don't know how I would have gotten out only for some Indians who had come from Sisseton to bring a little girl to our school and visit some of their children already there. As a result, I have a very bad cold, but these trips are worth it. The Indians are very devout, and it does one good to see them come, cold or warm, through deep snow to Mass and to pray for their beloved dead."

A Trip to Chamberlain

"Last Sunday," continues Father Justin, "after Mass some of the Sisters and children and I went to Chamberlain to see some of the Sisters there. I took two little boys with me in my Ford, and they certainly had the time of their lives. All the way down there they were wide awake and enjoyed themselves immensely, but on the trip back, about 7 P. M., they were dead asleep. On the last trip to Big Bend, the Sisters had planned to go along with some of the children, but when Sunday morning came, it was snowing and had rained during the night, so they were much disappointed when I started out alone. It was very wet and snowed all the way, but when I arrived there, a big crowd of Big Bend Indians awaited me. They are very faithful in their Mass attendance; some of them have to come 12 or 15 miles. They either drive an old Ford or come with teams; when both of these fail, they walk."

St. Paul's Mission

And now a nice, interesting letter from Father Sylvester: "Our two hundred and thirty-five Indian children here in boarding school keep us head over heels in work. You can imagine our daily life, for at such a place, every little one has his own peculiar needs and his own troubles. The Sisters must be Mamma to every one of them. You ought to see the bread disappear, a whole barrel full of it every day, not to mention the potatoes, meat and other items. Luxuries we do not have, but somehow or other, our little ones have been in good health. Two weeks ago we had a heavy blizzard; our roads were blocked and the creeks and ditches filled up with drifts. Then came warm, cloudy and damp weather, until day before yesterday, and through it all not one of our children took sick, despite the fact that they have no rubbers or overshoes. And you cannot keep them from playing in the snow, either. It seems that God protects His poor."

Those Bills!

"My great worry just now is to meet some bills. You know that we doubled the size of our chapel this year. Another dynamo, (second-hand, of course) had to be installed and a little building erected for it. There were other improvements, too, that amounted up considerably. It seems that all the bills for these things come at once. Another missionary said to me last Friday: 'It's hard to be poor, isn't it?' I'll say it is. I have no idea whatever how I am going to meet these bills, but it does seem that Providence takes

(Continued on page 428)

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AGNES BROWN HERING

MY DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS: "Happy New Year!" says everybody, and "Happy New Year!" say I. Did you make any good resolutions this year? Some do and some don't. Some say, what's the use? "Resolutions are usually broken as soon as spoken!"

However, it is good for each of us to check up once in a while to see if we are traveling the path we wish to tread and just what pitfalls we should like to avoid, for the only way to attain perfection is to root out the vices and supplant each with a virtue.

True enough, Catholics make an effort to do this when receiving the sacrament of penance, and the world makes a check-up on New Year's Day, if only in a joking way.

It is good for us to find whither we are drifting. As we travel along life's highway, we find two classes of Christians, the satisfied and happy, and the dissatisfied and unhappy. Why the difference? Is it wealth and poverty? Is it because one class is blessed with this world's goods and the other deprived of them? I think not. Let me tell you. It is because the one is where God wants him to be, and the other is not.

For each of us there is a calling or a vocation in life and if we are so fortunate as to embrace the state of life to which we have been called, we shall be happy. On the other hand, if we try to fit into a niche where we do not belong we shall find the day's labor irksome, and life most dissatisfying.

There comes the time in the life of each child when he reaches the crossroads,—the time when he must select and decide what he shall do when he is grown.

At the crossing there are four roads, if you wish, running east, west, north, and south. Let us assume that the road running east leads to the clerical state, and that those who follow this become priests. The road to the south, we may say, leads to the religious state, and those who follow this become Brothers or Sisters in religion all striving after perfection by observing the vows of poverty, chastity and obedience. The road to the west, we shall call virginity in the world, and those who choose this road—sometimes called 'old maids,' or 'old bachelors,' remain single all of their lives, for God's sake, and not from selfish motives.

The road to the north, which most persons take, we shall call the married state. This state is holy and sacred, made holy and sacred by Jesus Christ who raised it to a great sacrament in His Church.

Now vocation is simply the taking one of these roads, the one that you believe that God wants you to take.

If you feel that God is calling you to the clerical state, do not delay too long to enter a seminary to begin your studies, for the devil is always prowling about trying to do mischief, and he may put temptation in your way to cause you to change your mind and then you may be greatly disappointed.

Pray to God to give you light to follow the road He wishes you to choose.

Once more, Happy New Year!

"A little thing is a little thing; but to be faithful in little things is a great thing."

THE NEW YEAR

Another chapter in the book of life

For us to fill with faith and courage high.
Each morning we shall cut with Time's keen knife
The pages, white and spotless to the eye.

Some shall complete the chapter; some shall stop
And find life's narrative for them is told—

Their fingers, once so sure, shall pause, then drop
The pen that was but loaned to them to hold.

Few griefs Time brings itself to start our tears.

We are the architects that plan and shape our years.

Man writes the record of his life in deeds

(Years are but chapters of the book complete);

His actions, not his oft repeated creeds,

Indelibly shall stamp each glistening sheet.

Nothing but empty pages brings the year;

It plays no favorites with high or low.

What shall be written when we finish here,

We must determine as the days shall go.

Time has no power the lives of men to bless.

Man is the author of his own success.

Another year to fill with service true!

God grant that we may toil with courage fine,

And with the old ideals blend the new.

With neither shame nor sin to mar a line.

May this book match the splendors of the old,

May it relate man's progress toward his goal,

And when at last the finished tale is told,

May it proclaim the splendor of his soul.

God grant this Year with joy and peace shall glow

And send to all the strength to make it so.

—Edgar A. Guest.

VOCATION

Dear Lord,

I saw the beauty of the earth,

The trees, the flowers,

All; I saw the children's mirth,

I felt the gentle breeze.

I heard the bird's sweet call,

I loved it all;

And yet, I longed for more—

Something to fill the void

Within my soul,

Something whole;

Something, I knew not what,

Something that contained each joy;

Each, all, and yet

Wher'er I turned I found alloy

Until—Ah! sweet and wonderful

I heard Thy voice:

That I must come to Thee,

Must rest at last in Thee,

My Love!

I come! My heart is Thine alone,

Complete Thy love, and take me for Thine own.

—Selected.



ARE CATHOLICS UNAMERICAN?

John Barry, father of the American Navy, was a Catholic.

Thomas Enright, a Catholic, was the first American soldier to die in the World War.

Christopher Columbus, a Catholic, discovered America.

Americus Vespucci, a Catholic, was the man after whom our country was named.

Charles Carroll, a Catholic, signer of the Declaration of Independence, began the first American railroad.

Father White, a Catholic priest, set up the first American printing press.

Lord Baltimore, a Catholic, first granted religious liberty in America.

Dr. John B. Murphy, of Chicago, a Catholic, was one of the world's greatest surgeons.

Count Kosciusko, a Catholic, started West Point Military Academy.

Catholic missionaries first discovered copper mines in the Lake Superior region.

Catholics pray for the President. In many prayer books is found this prayer, "We ask the blessing of Almighty God for the President and for all that are in high positions, that we may lead quiet and holy lives, for peace and good will among the states and people, and for all the necessities of mankind."

DON'T WORRY

"Do not look forward to what might happen to-morrow; the same Everlasting Father who cares for you to-day will take care of you to-morrow and everyday. Either He will shield you from suffering or He will give you unfailing strength to bear it. Be at peace, then, and put aside all anxious thoughts and imaginations."

"You who love Jesus with a true love, however poor a love, listen to my words. Do not fear to die. You will find it very easy and very sweet. Do not fear the judgment, you will find it very gentle, very kindly, and very safe."—Father Faber.

LETTER BOX

(All letters for the CHILDREN'S CORNER should be addressed to AGNES BROWN HERING, Royal, Nebraska.)

SOME RULES FOR BUTTON WINNERS

Write with pen and ink (or on typewriter), not with pencil, and use only one side of the paper.

Your writing should be legible so that the typesetter can read your letter with ease.

Moreover, your letter should be neat; use correct English; take care not to misspell any words.

Leave a margin of at least one inch at the left edge of the paper and one of half an inch at the right edge.

Place your name on the right and your age on the left at the top.

Veronica Stenson (13), 472 Brook Ave., Bronx, N. Y., is the only one from whom we have a letter for this issue. Has the winter season thrown a mantle of sleep over our Boys and Girls? As a result of New Year resolutions we are going to expect some interesting letters before long. Shall we be disappointed? We are sure that our readers are loyal, even if they are sometimes somnolent.

Dear Miss Hering,

I am sending this letter, which I hope you would publish in the "Letter Box," of "The Grail."

I am thirteen years old and in the first year High School of St. Anselm's, taught by the Sisters of St. Dominic.

My cousin has been receiving the Grail for a few years, and I just happened to read the Letter Box this week.

I would like the Cornerites near my age (or older) to correspond with me. Every letter will be welcomed and answered. Hope I am admitted to Corner. Veronica Stenson, 472 Brook Ave., Bronx, N. Y.

Exchange Smiles

Genevieve, aged two years, attempted to put half a buckwheat pancake into her mouth. Upon being unable to do so, she exclaimed, "Well, Grandma, I'll have to get a bigger mouth!"

Teacher—"Willie, give three proofs that the world is actually round."

Willie—"The book says so, you say so, and Ma says so."—Ex.

Teacher—"How do you account for the phenomenon of dew?"

Boy—"Well, you see, the earth revolves on its axis every twenty-four hours, and in consequence of the tremendous pace it perspires freely."—Ex.

Little girl: "Oh, Mamma, look at that funny man, sitting there on the sidewalk, talking to that banana peeling!"

A man by the name of Burst had three children: John Wood Burst, Nellie May Burst, and Charles Will Burst. According to the latest census report, all three are still living.

Wanted—"A girl to sew buttons on third story.—Ex.

As one Non-Catholic Views it

(Continued from page 389)

flowing. We never could make any progress in science and scientific discoveries if these people held sway. A fair sample of the kind of disturbing element is the Rev. Dr. John cock-Roach Straton, the Rev. 'Billy' Sunday—

the acrobatic evangelistic clown, the W. C. T. U. and Board of Moving Picture censors. This stripe of humanity claim to be followers of the lowly Jesus. Well, when it comes to a show-down, Our Lord and Master may say, 'I never knew you; depart from me, ye that work iniquity.' Maybe he had in mind this class, according to 7th Chap. Matthew, 22 and 23 verses.

"No wonder Jesus was a 'Man of Sorrows' when he came to realize the stupendous job he had undertaken, to regenerate mankind. I am not surprised that there are no real converts to-day in the many Protestant churches all over the land—most of them are a lot of refrigerators as far as real ambassadors of the teachings of Our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ.

"I voted for Alfred E. Smith for the reason that I sincerely admired his fearlessness—the principles he stood for so boldly and bravely and for his undoubted leadership as a man among men."

Liturgical Jottings

(Continued from page 390)

designed to become a Child for love of us; we are impressed with the humility of Jesus as He manifested it during this delicate, formative period of His earthly life. The liturgy, with the masterly stroke of a genius, pictures the outstanding events of those sacred days of the Divine Childhood and allows plenty of scope for personal reflection and affection to fill in the empty spaces, to bring out the details. Too, too swiftly are the eighteen years of the hidden life passed over, and Jesus emerges from the peaceful retreat at Nazareth into the broad sunshine of His manifestation during the marriage at Cana. This event is described on the second Sunday after Epiphany. Jesus, the "Boy of heavenly birth," has grown up into the "Son of man," but He is still seeking to recover His "ball that sin has cast away." That first miracle at Cana is but the beginning of His three-year campaign to recover the last ball, and we, gazing through the liturgy's spyglass, are made aware by the approach of Septuagesima Sunday how many things the Savior is destined to suffer before the sphere of erring humanity will be once more His undisputed possession.

THE HOLY FAMILY

That the fruit of the January liturgy may mature in the garden of the human heart, the fascinating picture of the Holy Family attracts our attention shortly after the Epiphany. The *Oratio* of the Mass on this feast gives the keynote to the entire cycle of the Epiphany:

O Lord Jesus Christ, Who when Thou wast subject to Mary and Joseph didst sanctify the home life with ineffable virtues, grant that we may profit by the example of Thy Holy Family and become partakers of their eternal happiness.

At the present time it is of paramount importance that we take notice of the exalted position to which God raised the family and the home. Let us remember that the Son of God was a member of a human family, and

that He practiced all the filial virtues which any parent may expect from an obedient and dutiful child. Thus the family ties were sanctified by the virtues of Jesus—His docility, humility, obedience, filial love, and reverence toward His Mother and His foster father. In this age, when the modern home (as the *Boston Post* puts it) is supplied with everything but the family, we have great reason to hark back to the faithful and peace-bringing observance of the old, forgotten virtues of the hearthstone, the virtues which endear us to the members of our own family, the virtues which the Holy Family of Nazareth held so dear.

Abbey and Seminary

—Happy New Year to all our readers!

—A chronicler narrates past events, and he may publish what has been announced, but what the Future carries concealed in her bosom it is beyond his powers to fathom. It is for this reason that the chronicler in a monthly paper must necessarily seem far in arrears; he is laboring at a decided disadvantage; his news is naturally somewhat musty when it is dished up.

—As this chronicle is written early in December, we can only announce that the students are scheduled to leave for the holidays on the morning of Dec. 21. Private cars, busses, and the train will start them homeward. For the first time the "Big Four" will run over the Southern tracks to bring a train of all-steel coaches to Dale to carry those who are going via Louisville and Indianapolis. The holidays close on Tuesday, Jan. 8. Shortly thereafter the mid-year examinations will take place, then follows the annual retreat.

—On the feast of the Immaculate conception Father Abbot celebrated Pontifical High Mass in the Abbey Church. After the Offertory of the Mass occurred the impressive ceremony of the taking of solemn vows by Fr. Hildebrand Elliot, O. S. B. At an earlier hour that same morning sixty-seven seminarians were invested with the small scapular of St. Benedict at their reception into the society of the Secular Oblates of St. Benedict; in the evening eighty-three students of the College joined the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin. Besides these, fifty-two were enrolled in the Sodality at Jasper Academy.

—After a perilously narrow escape from death, Father Thomas still lives to "thank his stars" that he was preserved whole and entire, without scratch or bruise in an automobile wreck—head-on collision—in which he figured on Nov. 19. Having attended the ceremony in which the three Graham brothers were decorated with the insignia of the Knighthood of St. Gregory, at Washington, Ind., he departed by automobile in company with Father Cornelius O. Bosler for Indianapolis. Before reaching the State Capital, however, they ran into the clutches of Death, in the form of a speeding automobile, which bore down upon them from the opposite direction. In the collision that followed both machines were demolished, but fortunately no one was fatally injured. In consequence of a fractured rib, Father Bosler was detained at the hospital for several weeks.

—Another victim of the automobile is Brother Raphael, who had just alighted on the highway from a two-horse-power vehicle of the ancient type when he was "side-swiped" by a passing car. An injured arm was the result.

—The twenty-fifth anniversary of the "Motu Proprio" of the saintly Pius X on church music, and on Gregorian chant in particular, was observed in various places throughout the country. Here at St. Meinrad the event was transferred from Nov. 22nd to the 29th, from the feast of St. Cecilia to Thanksgiving Day, which happened to be the octave of the patron of church music. At Solemn High Mass in honor of St. Cecilia some 350 student voices joined the monastic choir in singing all the responses at the Mass and in taking part in the *Gloria*, *Credo*, *Sanctus*, *Benedictus*, and *Agnus Dei*. The effect was soul-inspiring, a grand demonstration of what can be accomplished with a little training, especially where the chant is heard day after day.

—Christmas awakens in us joyful thoughts. Here in the Abbey Church on Christmas Eve the odor of cedar and pine, the artistic cribs, which receive their final touches, the words and music of antiphon, psalm, and hymn at Vespers, the Christmas melody at Complin, all combine to key up the Benedictine to a "Merry-Christmas" tone and fill him with the true Christmas spirit. At 1:30 a. m. an "angel choir" passes through the long hallways of the Abbey piercing the stillness and quiet of the holy night, the silent night, with a four-voiced "Gloria in excelsis Deo et in terra pax hominibus bonae voluntatis." Shortly thereafter the monks in somber garb hasten to the choir to begin Matins at 2 a. m., which is two hours earlier than usual. This hour of the Divine Office closes with the singing of the "Te Deum" at three o'clock. Immediately thereafter the first Solemn High Mass of the glorious feast of the Nativity is celebrated. Solemn Lauds are then celebrated with priest, deacon, subdeacon, and servers in the sanctuary. At the "Benedictus" of Lauds the altar and the choir are both incensed. Lauds over, the few priests of the Abbey who have not been sent out to assist in neighboring parishes, begin their three Masses, which they celebrate successively. Having thanked the Divine Infant for this threefold privilege, the inner man clamoring for attention, they are ready for breakfast. But one must not tarry too long at table, for the Office of Prime and the second Solemn High Mass soon follow. At 9 a. m. a procession, in which servers in cassock and surplice, subdeacons and deacons in the vestments of their orders, the assistant priest in surplice and cope, with the Rt. Rev. Abbot and two lay-brother attendants bringing up the rear, enters the church for Pontifical High Mass. During the singing of Tierce the Rt. Rev. Abbot vests for the solemn function. The principal Mass of the great day being concluded, and Sext and None of the Office chanted in choir, it is near midday. With Solemn Vespers at three o'clock, rosary preceding supper (or dinner, if it be more to your taste), Complin sung shortly after seven, the monks have put in a rather full day, a joyful day. Then when the lights go out at nine, they are ready to close their eyes in slumber, according to the words of the Psalmist, which they sang at Com-

plin: "In pace in idipsum dormiam, et requiescam"—"In peace in the selfsame I will sleep, and will take my rest."

—Mr. Aloysius Borho, our Intertypist, who sets all the type for THE GRAIL, mourns the loss of his father, Mr. Meinrad Borho, who died on Nov. 25. The soul of the deceased is commended to the prayers of our readers.

—We commend also to your good prayers the repose of the soul of Rev. Rhabanus Gutmann, O. S. B., who died at St. Vincent Archabbey on Dec. 1 in the eighty-fourth year of his age. In pioneer days (1867) Father Rhabanus, who had relatives in our neighboring village of Fulda, came to St. Meinrad with the intention of preparing himself for the priesthood in our community. At the time his physical condition did not permit his remaining. Improving in health later on, he went to St. Vincent's where his desires were finally realized.

—On Dec. 24, 1878, Father Basil Heusler, O. S. B., consecrated himself to God by the vows of religion. Accordingly, the golden jubilee of the happy event occurs this month. Father Basil, who was ordained nearly forty-six years ago, has been pastor of the large parish at Jasper about thirty years.

Book Notices

Universal Knowledge—A Dictionary and Encyclopedia of Arts and Sciences, History and Biography, Law, Literature, Religions, Nations, Races, Customs and Institutions.

Edited by Edward A. Pace, Ph. D., D. D., Thomas Shahan, D. D., Conde P. Pallen, Ph. D., LL. D., James J. Walsh, M. D., Ph. D., John J. Wynne, S. J., S. T. D. Assisted by numerous collaborators. Twelve Volumes; Volume II. The Universal Knowledge Foundation, Inc., 19 Union Sq. West, New York.

The second volume of this monumental work, which is the equal of Volume I, is an excellent source of a great variety of information—every branch of science is represented. The biographies of noted, historical personages are brief but exhaustive. The binding, printing and format are excellent.—With the article on Bavaria a map would have been in place. The largest tributaries of the Danube, the Maab (p. 429), is omitted. St. Meinrad Abbey has charge of three Indian missions. Page 622 mentions only two. A. B.

Christ and Women, (by Daniel A. Lord, S. J., The Queens Work Press, 3115 S. Grand Blvd., St. Louis, Mo.) is a pamphlet that will be welcomed by women. Jesus Christ is their friend. He elevated woman. The concluding words give briefly the essence of this work. "In Jesus Christ they find their ideal of their dreaming, the realization of their hopes, the man who fulfills their highest desires, the only one who never disappoints." A. B.

The Gift of Life, the Rite of Baptism newly translated by Richard Edward Power, priest of the diocese of Springfield, Mass. Second edition, 1928. The Liturgical Press, Collegeville, Minn. Price, 10¢.

A most welcome addition to the other publications of the Liturgical Press. The Sacrament of Baptism and the various ceremonies connected with it are explained. The rite of baptism is given both in Latin and in English according to the Ritual. In the hands of the faithful it will prove beneficial for the better understanding of this most necessary of all sacraments. A. B.

Practical Stage Work. The Illustrated Stage Monthly. The Catholic Little Theater. Publishers: The Catholic Dramatic Movement, 178 7th St., Milwaukee, Wis. Subscription per year, \$1.50; single copy 20¢.

This magazine fills a long-felt need for the amateur dramatist. Clubs, societies, and country parishes will welcome these practical hints in putting on plays. The magazine gives a list of plays that can be easily arranged without much expense. May this movement succeed in giving the people wholesome entertainment. A. B.

From Benziger Brothers, New York:

Dan's Worst Friend—The Story of a Self-tried Boy. (Price, net: \$1.25), by Robert E. Holland, S. J., is a very instructive story that holds the reader's interest from beginning to end. Students, all young men, in fact, will derive great benefit from its perusal. It is not preachy, yet it gives very good lessons in overcoming the faults that are frequently found in youth. A. B.

The Sunday Missal for All the Sundays and the Principal Feasts of the Year, with introduction, notes, and a book of prayer, compiled by Rev. F. X. Lasance, revised in conformity with the Vatican Typical Edition of the Roman Missal—the book used by the priest when saying Mass. Price, \$1.00.

This specially prepared edition, which is in accordance with the latest pedagogical science, is intended especially for use in the schools, and for that reason the instructions for the study of the Missal by Rev. W. R. Kelly have been incorporated. A. B.

The Town on the Hill, a novel by Mrs. George Norman. Price, net: \$2.50.

This is the author's first Catholic novel. The story depicts the clash between inclination and duty, between human passion and the Divine Law. In other words, a divorced man attempts remarriage with a Catholic girl. In an unusual manner the difficulty solves itself. The Catholic principles are well understood. A. B.

God's Wonderland—First Steps in Meditation for Children, by Rev. J. E. Moffat, S. J., (price 25¢), is a series of easy meditations for the young. To assist the child in making the simple meditations an appropriate illustration accompanies each exercise. A. B.

The International Catholic Truth Society, 405-407 Bergen St., Brooklyn, N. Y., has sent us the following pamphlets, which sell at 5¢ each, prepaid; reduced price on quantities:

Hints on Courtship and Marriage, by Rev. John E. Gresser, A. M.

This leaflet should be given to all who intend to marry. It briefly explains all things necessary for a good preparation for marriage. The admonitions and reflections are very appropriate.

The Supernatural Life, by Rev. F. J. Remler, C. M., is a treatise on the three theological virtues. The subject is well divided and briefly explained. To aid in exercising same he adds the seven gifts of the Holy Ghost. It deserves wide circulation.

The Kingdom of Heaven, by Rev. John G. Hagen, S. J., arranged by Rev. Peter W. Leonard, S. J. The seal of an American convert is the cause of the publication of this very instructive pamphlet. It treats our supernatural destiny and its loss, the Redeemer and the Church. It is especially to be recommended to converts.

The Pope and the American Republic, by John E. Graham, is a very timely subject. If placed into the hands of non-Catholics, it would help to remove the great fear they entertain of the Pope's coming to America to rule our states. How much that is needed, the recent Presidential campaign has shown.

The Church rack should hold these pamphlets. A. B.

Shower of Graces, by Rev. Peter Resch, S. M., S. T. D., (John P. Daleiden Co. 1530-32 Sedgwick St., Chicago, Ill., publishers. Price, according to binding, from 40¢ to \$2.10), is a book that contains, besides the traditional prayers and devotions, an attractive list of "Practical Reminders," covering many phases of active American life. It is a real guide to practical Catholic life. Moreover, it is handy, not bulky, and the print is pleasing. It also contains the Epistles and the Gospels for the Sundays and the feasts of the Blessed Virgin. A. B.

Introductory Sociology, by Rev. Albert Muntz, S. J., and Rev. Henry S. Spalding, S. J. D. C. Heath & Co., 231 W. 39th St., New York, publishers. \$2.48.

At last we have a textbook in sociology for our Catholic colleges. The very names of the Rev. Authors are sufficient guaranty that the work is practical and useful. Professors and students of sociology have long desired a reliable work of this kind. There is hardly a question that has bearing on sociology that is not treated therein, and that in a thorough and clear manner. This new textbook merits wide circulation. A. B.

The Christopher Publishing House, Boston:

The Dawn, a book of verse by Mary O. Alston. The collection contains 150 lyrical effusions on various subjects met with in daily life, the radio not excepted. The author ends "Tuning In On Life" with the pregnant lines:

"The higher things of life I found
Were never filled with static's sound;
They came so clear, I wonder why
I tuned in clouds and not in sky."

Cloth. 176 Pages. Price, \$1.75.

P. K.

Guidance and Cheer for the Whole Year, by Rev. John B. Kalaria, contains a Scripture text (King James' Version) for every day of the year, each followed by a quatrain lesson in verse. These verses, however, neither explain the text, nor do they contain a striking thought or poetic beauty that will delight the reader and cause him to con them as gems of poetic thought. Cloth. 106 Pages. Price, \$1.25. P. K.

Bulletin No. 5 of the Catholic University of Peking, Oct., 1928, (The Archabbey Press, Latrobe, Pa.), in its attractive dress contains within its 108 pages, besides the "Message of the Holy Father" to the Chinese, "University Athletics," and an interesting chronicle of events at the University (from Mar. 21 to Aug. 15, 1928), five instructive articles with illustrations: (1) The Monk Lu Cheng-Hsiang, the ex-Prime Minister of China, who recently entered the Benedictine Order in Belgium; (2) A Journey to Hsuan Hua Fu on Occasion of the Consecration of Bishop Peter Ch'eng; (3) Franciscan contemporaries of Marco Polo; (4) China's Relations with the West, from 2357 B. C. to 249 B. C.; (5) A new English Translation of the Nestorian Tablet. B. B.

The Catholic Press Directory for 1928, which is now available, (J. H. Meier, 64 W. Randolph St., Chicago, Publisher. Price: \$1.00), lists 291 Catholic papers and periodicals in the United States. The combined circulation of the 248 publications that furnished circulation figures amounts to 6,647,066. These publications, which are listed by State, in alphabetical order, give name of publication, circulation, and such other data as the advertiser requires when he seeks a suitable medium for making his wares known. In a brief prefatory statement Father Charles Mullaly, S. J., editor of the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart* gives reasons why it should pay to advertise in the Catholic press. B. B.



Conducted by CLARE HAMPTON

The Alluring Path

CHAPTER 6—A TRIP TO THE MOUNTAINS

(Continued)

THE fellow sat up, scratched his head, and reached for the money, holding it close to his eyes to try to read its denomination.

"Say, turn that 'ere canned light onto this greenback, will ye?" Ted did so and smiled, amused.

"It's all right," he said reassuringly. "You needn't be afraid."

"Can't never tell these days," growled the man. "A feller's got to be keeful. C'mon then. Reckon I kin show you the way, though I only been here a few hours myself."

The three moved up the dusty, rock-strewn street, lighted on by Ted's torch, and stumbling every now and then over some unseen obstacle.

"You don't live here then?" asked Ted.

"Naw; I move around quite a bit."

"I see; private car?"

"Yeah; private bumper. You two just married?"

"You bet," Ted answered mischievously, adding: "three years ago," but the fellow did not seem to notice the elucidation.

"Hmph; don't 'pear like they's any light at the hotel. You say they been expectin' you?"

"They ought to be; wired we'd be here on the 2:15."

"Crazy hour for a train to land anyway. Reckon the hotel folks done forgot all about ye."

It was but a short walk, and in a few minutes, they halted before a two-story frame building, and the tramp hammered loudly on the door, but it was some minutes before they succeeded in arousing anyone. But at last a head was thrust out of an upper window, and a sleepy voice asked:

"Who's there?"

"Couple o' newly weds want lodgin's."

"Oh—fellow by the name of Roun or Rome, is it?"

"Rawn, sir," replied Ted, crisply. "I thought I wired you to have someone meet us at the station? Here we've been standing around—"

"Shucks!" interrupted 'Mine Host.' "We're only a stone's throw away. I thought 'twas no use anyone losin' a good night's sleep hangin' around the station when you could find it yerself."

"But in the dark of night! Remember we don't know this place as well as you do. Had it not been

for this gentleman, we wouldn't have known which way to turn."

"Yes," put in the 'gentleman of the road,' "yer nights are so blamed dark here, ye can't see yer own nose in front of ye. Why don't ye leave a couple o' are lights burnin' or somethin'? Dern chilly too. Say, are ye comin' down or ain't ye? Goin' to let these folks stand out here all night?"

"Comin', comin', in a minute," replied the landlord, suddenly waking up to the fact that something was required of him. Soon there was a pale glow within, as the landlord descended the stairs with a lighted kerosene lamp, and proceeded to unlock the door.

"Well, so long," said the tramp. "I'll be goin' to me own private hotel. Pleasant dreams to ye."

"Thanks," replied Ted. "Same to you." And the man disappeared in the darkness.

"Who was that feller?" asked the hotel keeper.

"Fellow we picked up sleeping on a bench at the station. We thought he was your man."

"Humph; wonder you didn't get robbed."

"Oh no; he was just a peaceful hobo."

While they were speaking, Mine Host led them through the dining room, which occupied the entire lower floor, with the exception of a back room, which served as the kitchen. From the ceiling several gasoline mantle lamps were suspended, the tables were covered with ancient white oilcloth adorned with varicolored spots, and a stale odor of fried food hung about the place. Once a swift shadow scurried across Ted's shoe, and he glanced furtively at Lucilla, to see if she had noticed. But she was looking interestedly about her, gazing into the dim corners, where the lamplight cast their grotesque, moving shadows, as they passed on to the stairway at the rear.

"The place is just packed with 'atmosphere,'" she whispered delightedly to Ted.

"You bet!" he replied, wrinkling his nose fastidiously. "Strong stuff, too."

"How's that?" asked the host, stopping to turn about.

"Oh, she's just admiring the mountain air in here," explained Ted.

"Yus?" The fellow apparently was too dense to understand. Lucilla giggled, stumbled up the stairs, and had to be steadied by Ted's strong grasp.

"What's the matter? Mountain air going to your head?" he asked. Soon they were shown to their room, a small, stuffy cubby-hole with one window, and

wooden walls, decorated with calendars and pictures of prize fighters and movie actresses. But the bed looked white and clean enough, and Lucilla sank down wearily upon an antiquated rocker, whose back and seat, which had formerly been of cane, were now upholstered in faded Brussels carpet.

"Good night!" they bade their host.

"Breakfast at seven," he told them, as he slammed the door to, shaking the flimsy partition from floor to ceiling.

"I think I'm going to like roughing it," said Lucilla.

"Why of course you are!" replied her husband heartily. "And you'll like the lodge on the mountain-side still better. It was built for honeymooners."

"Oh, let's pretend this is ours! What do you say?"

"Not a bad idea. Jack and his wife spent theirs here. The lodge was originally built for that purpose. Now they come up with the kiddies every year."

"It would be jolly to have them here now, wouldn't it?"

"Not on your life. You said this was going to be our second honeymoon, and honeymoon it shall be. I want you most selfishly and exclusively to myself this vacation. Other years we've spent it at crowded hotels, and all the rest of the time, Carroll Street owns you."

"Very well; just so you won't grow tired of it in a little while."

"Don't you worry about me! I could spend a month up here alone and never grow tired. But with you, it will be twice as good."

"Adam and Eve in Paradise, eh? I wonder if Paradise wouldn't have become monotonous after awhile?"

"Perhaps, who knows? At any rate, if we had all stayed there, I am afraid we would be nothing but a pack of dubs sitting around eating bananas all day and getting fat. For my part, I enjoy earning my money 'in the sweat of my brow.' It has sharpened our wits and brought us where we are."

"That reminds me—I wish—" then she stopped.

"Wish what?"

"Oh, nothing. I have a red-hot inspiration, and I wish I had my typewriter here right this minute." Ted waved his hand at her.

"My dear, you won't have even a split second in which to write your own initials all the time we're up here. I'm going to keep you so busy catching trout and shooting bears, you won't know if you're coming or going. I'm glad you've left that key-punching outfit down at Carroll Street. I hope someone breaks in and runs away with it while you're gone."

"How kind of you," she said, and then suddenly turned her head and clapped her hand over her mouth to stifle the mirth that rose within her. For she knew what she knew, and she did not intend to betray herself—yet. She stood before the cracked mirror, brushing her shining brown hair; that operation completed, she learned over and turned back the coarse grey army blanket which covered the bed. A little scream escaped her, and she stepped back.

"What's the matter?" asked Ted, approaching.

"Spooks, rats, snakes, which is it?" Her eyes were fascinated by a tiny speck on the sheet.

"Ugh! It's moving!" she whispered, holding Ted's arm. "I'm not going to sleep in there!" Ted threw back the blanket further. Then he shook his head.

"No, thanks; where's my coat? You can sleep in the rocker and I'll roll up my coat for a pillow on the floor. It's three o'clock already," he said, consulting his wrist.

They slept in dozes and cat naps, and long before the breakfast bell rang, they were up and dressed and eager to be off. The gong sounded at last, and they descended to the dining room, where a simple but wholesome country meal was served in spite of the somewhat unscrupulously-kept surroundings. Only one other man was present, and he, being quickly finished, put on his hunter's cap, shouldered his gun, and was off.

Shortly after breakfast they took the mountain path indicated by the hotel keeper, and started up the easy incline, after having given directions for having their luggage hauled up. Here and there were great boulders, and giant pine, spruce and fir trees towered up into the air, while at their feet, in the moist, shady hollows, grew delicate ferns and wild flowers.

"What a fairyland!" exclaimed Lucilla, stooping to pick some blossoms. "Look at that smooth green slope over there! It's like a velvet Brussels carpet." Ted stood expanding his chest and drawing in deep breaths.

"Ah, here's atmosphere for you! It's like wine!"

"What's that I hear? Sounds like a waterfall."

"Let's go and find out." They followed the sound, climbing through the brush, over fallen trees and tangled vines, until they came upon a tiny falls, which did all in its power to thunder and splash, and make itself important.

"What a racket that brook makes!" cried Lucilla, laughing. "I thought it was a much bigger stream, didn't you?" Ted leaned over and let the sparkling, crystal water dash over his hand.

"My, wouldn't I like to bottle some of this and sell it in town!" he remarked. "I could make a mint out of it."

"Oh—did you see that fish go over the rocks?"

"Sure; they shoot the falls, many a time. Must be a quiet pool up there somewhere, where they hatch. Looked like a bay trout. He must have wandered too far away from his mamma."

Fifteen minutes later, after climbing steadily upward, they came to a rustic lodge in a grove of balsams.

"What a big place it is!" exclaimed Lucilla in surprise. "I pictured it as a mere cabin."

"But wait until you see the inside," replied her husband, fumbling in his pocket for the key.

"Why, have you been here before?"

"Oh yes; Jack invited me up here a few times to shoot and fish. We had great times together. Of course, that was before I met you."

The next moment the door was open, and they entered. Lucilla beheld a wide, high hall, flanked on three sides by rooms. The first floor rooms opened directly upon this reception hall, and the second floor rooms were reached by means of a gallery which ran around the three sides, and ended at each side in a stairway. The second floor rooms were bedrooms, while beneath were located the kitchen, dining room, music room and

gun room. All the woodwork, including the stairs and the furniture, was of rustic, bark-covered wood, rough and unplanned, just as it was taken from the trees. The reception hall or living room was furnished with tables, armchairs and settees, while the walls were decorated with skins, antlers, stuffed deer heads, and other trophies of the chase. There was also a monster fireplace, made of sparkling stalagmite rock, which reached from the floor to the gallery, and narrowed from there on up to the rafters, and out on the roof as a chimney. Within the fireplace itself lay a great log, but half burnt, upon the andirons. The dining room was paneled and contained an up-to-date set of furniture; the gun room contained wall racks of many sizes and calibres of guns and pistols, as also lockers for ammunition, while the music room boasted a great organ of three keyboards, a grand piano, victrola, radio, and various small stringed instruments.

"Well, the place is certainly complete!" cried Lucilla, delighted. "What a glorious place in which to give a hunting party. I wish we had taken Annie along, or Davis. They could have cooked for us in case—"

"Nothing doing! This is a honeymoon, please, ma'am, and we're going to keep house all by ourselves this time. I'll show you what real camp cooking is like, and we're going to get acquainted again, see?" And he suddenly threw his arm about her neck and kissed her, looking into her eyes until she smiled and then happily burst out laughing.

"You're dead set on the honeymoon, aren't you?" she said, giving him a pat on the cheek. "Very well; honeymoon it shall be—but let us hope no serpent is lurking in any of those trees out there."

"Not if I see him first!"

So they hunted and fished and cooked and washed the dishes, and slept like drugged people.—And meanwhile the serpent lay coiled in its trim, japanned little case upstairs, and Lucilla's mind was never off it for a minute. She had not even opened it yet, but bided her time, and Ted was deliriously happy in having her constantly near from morning till night. But after a week had passed, the novelty of things began to wear off, and Lucilla tired of puttering about the kitchen and doing menial jobs, even though it was only for a lark, and so, one evening, she brazenly deserted Ted over his task of cleaning a mess of trout, and, unable to keep away any longer, she took out the bright, shining, new little typewriter, and gave it a few loving little taps, just by way of getting acquainted. Next, she whipped out her manuscript, read over the last page or two, just to get her ideas in shape, and suddenly launched out in a wild staccato of inspiration. By and by the rumble and click of the machine overhead filtered down to Ted's ears, and, throwing down the knife and fish he was holding, and wiping his hands, he started upstairs with a little frown between his eyes. Opening the door, he stood amazed upon the threshold.

"Well, I'll be dog-jiggered!" he exclaimed. "Pulled one over on me, didn't you? Well, I guess it's bye-bye honeymoon from now on." The expression on his handsome face was so woe-begone, that Lucilla burst out laughing and ran up to him.

"Listen, big boy, don't take it so hard. I love you just the same, but my writing is like my daily bread—I can't do without it. I'll just get this out of my system, and then I'll be right down with you again. Come; you don't mind, do you?" And she drew his face down and kissed him coaxingly.

"Nice rest cure," he commented, only partly mollified. "What about your nerves? What did I bring you up here for, anyway?"

"For atmosphere, darling," she replied, archly. "Besides, that was all 'bunk' about a nervous breakdown. Those doctors don't know what they are talking about half of the time. There was nothing wrong with me."

"That's what you think. But—"

"Oh, come now! I'm feeling fine as a fiddle. Suppose you just go down and get supper, and call me when it's ready. Will you do that, my tall, handsome boy? Do you know, I like your cooking better than Annie's." He laughed aloud at that.

"You're a slick one, you are. And the worst of it is, you're getting prettier every day, and I'm such a big fool, I can't say 'no' to you!" Whereupon there was a long, solemn moment, during which nothing more was said, but two pairs of arms were well employed.

(To be continued)

Helping the School Child

The cooperation of parents with a child in his school work is absolutely necessary if he is to progress at all satisfactorily. Of course, some children are unusually bright, and catch each explanation of the teacher "on the wing," as it were, so that home coaching is unnecessary. But there are usually only a few such children in each school room. The rest of them are slower in grasping one study or another, and when monthly or quarterly reports show an unsatisfactory per cent in one or more studies, it is time the parent looked up the cause.

Some children are allowed to play outdoors until dark, and then indoors until bedtime, without the parents ever asking a word about their lessons. Many of these children, finding study uphill work, either do not look in their books at all, or do so superficially, and day after day come to school with studies unprepared, and appointed home work undone. The parent should permit the child a proper amount of outdoor play at all times, but there is no health rule that prescribes play during all the hours between 3:30 P. M. and bedtime. The parent should see that a just apportionment of this time is given to study and home work, should acquaint himself with the exact lesson to be studied each day in every branch, and see that it is done properly before the books are laid aside.

Some parents may plead lack of time, but every parent ought to love his child enough to make some sacrifice for the child's welfare. He ought to realize that school days come only once in each person's life, and that what is badly done in his early school days will affect all his future work—even his future state of life. Nowadays most parents are educated enough to follow their children's studies and see that they

are correctly prepared; there should be no "don't bother me," or "why doesn't the teacher show you," excuses. If the child cannot readily understand what he hears in school, he should be given extra coaching at home. Above all, the child should not be left "on his own" about performing school tasks at home, because most children become so engrossed in play that if there is no one to watch over them, lessons will be neglected entirely.

One mother did not start her children to school until six years of age, but when they did begin, they knew their a b c's, could spell all three-letter words, print every letter in the alphabet and the numerals, and in addition, could print their own names. She started them in printing because she thought this was easier than writing at first, and chose the simplest letters to start with, gradually going on to the more difficult ones. Then when actually in school, she always taught them things just a little ahead of their school work, so that when they came to that study, they already knew it. She never overburdened them either; a half hour or so each day—or until they were tired, and the trick was done. She never forced them after they were tired.

If any of the children had to remain at home on account of illness, she still had their studies in mind, so they would not fall back. As soon as they professed themselves feeling well enough, she had them work a little each day in their books, always stopping in a half hour or so. Such a procedure will not injure a convalescing child, and this woman's children, even though passing through long illnesses, never once fell back in their grades or percentages.

Caring for Window Shades

If window shades are dusted once a month or so, they will not acquire an unsightly line of dust at certain points, according to the manner in which they are raised or lowered every day. It is very little trouble to hold a clean cloth at the top of the roller while the shade is pulled down all the way, and gently wiping to right and left as the shade is slowly raised, until all parts have been dusted. It is not necessary to take shades down from their brackets to do this. If this process is followed from the time the shades are installed, they will last indefinitely, especially the unwashable kind. As shades are quite an item of expense if one has a number of windows, it will pay to take this monthly care of them.

Care should be taken never to take them down unless the hands are absolutely clean, as every finger mark will show, and these are hard to remove. On the unwashable shade, these may sometimes be removed with a soft "art-gum" eraser. Sometimes the ordinary cleaning fluids sold on the market will successfully remove stains, or wall-paper cleaner may do the trick. Some stains may be removed by rubbing with a soft piece of bread, or a little dry starch may be spread over the spot and moistened with a few drops of water. When dry, brush off with a soft, clean brush.

If shades get shabby at the bottom, they can easily be turned upside down, and a new hem made. In the

case of two-color shades, a strip must be cut off the bottom and reversed, so that the same color as the rest of the shade will show on the room side when hem is made.

Ordinary shades soon feel the effects of heat and moisture in the bathroom, and often curl inward at the edges, and otherwise get limp-looking. Bathroom shades may be made of fine rubber cloth, which may be washed whenever soiled, and last indefinitely. Some housewives prefer these in their kitchens too, as the grease may be washed off.

St. Frances of Rome

St. Frances was of a noble family and delicately brought up. She was born in the very heart of Rome in 1384, and was baptized on the day of her birth. She was not like other children, in that she was very reserved and modest, loved silence, and at six began various fasts and penances practiced by the saints. She studied the lives of the saints, and strove earnestly to model her life after theirs. No untrue word ever passed her lips; her obedience to her parents was perfect, and up to the age of eleven, her life was one long continual prayer. With her pious mother, she daily visited various churches, and took delight in making the stations of the cross. As she grew older, her heart burned with an ardent desire to serve the poor, to console the afflicted, and do good to all.

It was quite natural then, for her thoughts to turn to the cloister, since all her life seemed to be a preparation for it, but alas! Her parents wished otherwise, as so often happens in this world. They had selected a husband for her in the person of Lorenzo Ponziano, a young nobleman of illustrious birth. Frances' heart sank within her, and with tears and prayers she implored her father not to force her to this step. But all in vain. At length she had recourse to her spiritual director, who after much prayer, told her it was God's will that she marry according to her parents' will. So she was obliged to consent.

The family of Ponziano were overjoyed to welcome so rich, so beautiful, and so virtuous a bride, and young Ponziano himself revered her greatly for her piety and saintliness. Her sister-in-law, the wife of Lorenzo Ponziano's brother, immediately joined herself to Frances in her holy life and works of piety, and from thenceforth the two of them went about Rome doing good. They were obliged to wear gorgeous silks and jewels according to the high position they occupied, but beneath was concealed a hair shirt, and instruments of penance gave them more pleasure than the great receptions and affairs they attended. In fact, Frances, though obliged to be present, never danced or played cards, or stayed up late at night.

She had three children. Two of them died early, and she had the supernatural joy of seeing them enter Heaven, while the third, a son, grew up, married, and brought his wife to the ancestral home. During many years Rome went through terrible upheavals, and her family, being so prominent, suffered greatly, her husband being exiled for a time, and her son taken as a hostage. Many and terrible were her sorrows, but she

bore them all like a saint. God rewarded her by many supernatural wonders, and with the gift of performing miracles. Many were the cures wrought by her hands among the poor and the sick, and she constantly saw her Guardian Angel, bright and shining, at her side. She founded the order of Oblates who follow the rule of St. Benedict, and when her husband died, she joined them. She died at the age of fifty-six.

Refrigeration in Winter

Many of us discharge the ice man as soon as the first cold weather puts in an appearance and use coolers, window boxes, cold closets, or the cellar to keep foods in. But in many localities the weather is so uncertain that the temperature cannot be depended upon to remain the same two or three days at a time. In winter, as long as the temperature remains at 40 or 50 degrees, coolers and window boxes are very satisfactory; but should there be a rise to 60 or 70, as there sometimes is between freezes, food begins to spoil at once, while a drop to 30 degrees causes more delicate foods and all vegetables to freeze, rendering them more or less unfit for use after being thawed out.

Therefore, the logical solution of the winter-refrigeration problem would seem to be to take ice all the year round. From the standpoint of economy, the amount spent for ice in winter is negligible, since it melts only half as fast as in summer, and the saving from spoilage in sudden thaws and warm spells more than offsets the small amount expended. Milk, especially, should never be left to the vagaries of climate; we pay high prices for certified milk, for the best cuts of meat, for prime grade of everything, yet we entrust them to the uncertain mercies of changeable weather, unaware that by so doing we are really endangering our own health and that of our families.

For everywhere on the earth's surface, in the air, in the water we drink, in the dust that flies, we find molds, yeasts, and bacteria; these settle on exposed food, and only a warm temperature is needed to make them increase by the hundreds and thousands. Only cold can retard their action. One day may be cold, but, overnight, a warm wave sets in, and if there is no ice, and the sun shines uninterruptedly during the day, immediately foods begin to take on a spoiled odor—sometimes more, sometimes less. This odor is the surest sign that mold, bacteria, or yeast is at work, laboring, destroying, tearing down the structure of the food, and leaving in its wake poisonous compounds most dangerous to the human stomach.

We all know that yeast is a tiny plant that grows in an atmosphere of warmth and moisture. It is a very useful little workman when placed in bread, in order to make it light; but if left too long to its own devices, it would soon destroy the dough and make it unfit to be baked. Mold is a white or green or brown cottony substance which grows on the surface of moist foods, if left exposed too long to a warm temperature. Bacteria are even smaller than yeast cells; they are living organisms which, in the short cycle of their lives, throw off poisonous excretions, die, and give birth to new gen-

erations of busy little germs, which never cease their work of destruction until they have reduced the substance in which they live to elements of the simplest kind.

Therefore, we ought to keep foods in the even, dustless cold of the refrigerator, winter or summer, if economy and health are to be considered.

Household Hints

Sunshine is a curative and a necessity for the human body. These January days, when the sun often stays in for days, be sure to walk in it on afternoons when it does shine, even if it is cold.

Put a marshmallow and a few chopped nuts on each baked apple as soon as taken out of the oven. The hot apple will melt the marshmallow.

Marshmallows improve hot coffee or cocoa when placed on top.

Dingy-looking fireplace tiles may be renewed by first scrubbing thoroughly with soap and water, then applying two coats of good varnish. Then apply floor wax and polish vigorously. The result will nearly approach antique glazed tiles.

Recipes

FRIED CAULIFLOWER: Separate one head of cauliflower into flowers, cutting each flower clear down through the core, and wash. Then boil in salted water until tender. Beat together one egg, one cup milk and one cup flour until smooth, salting to taste, and adding a dash of pepper. Dip cauliflower into this batter and fry in deep lard or oil, until nicely browned.

A FRIDAY SANDWICH: Toast slices of white bread a delicate brown, and butter while hot. Then spread with cottage cheese which has been slightly salted and mixed with a little cream. Across the cheese lay strips of pimento or green pepper. Cover with another buttered and toasted slice (which may be graham or whole-wheat if preferred). Second slice must be buttered on both sides. Lay on a lettuce leaf and a slice of tomato (canned tomato will do if fresh are unavailable); sprinkle salt, sugar, and a spoon of mayonnaise on top. Then cover with another buttered slice.

Our Sioux Indian Missions

(Continued from page 418)

care of us somehow—at least, it has always been so, and it always comes in the form of freewill donations from any and everywhere. A man in Chicago sent me a twenty-dollar check and made the remark, 'It pays to advertise.' 'That is the way we live,' I answered him. Indeed, that is the only way we are able to live.

"A missionary is sent out almost in the fashion of 'root, hog, or die.' We prefer to root, and we must do it by advertising our troubles to the rest of mankind. Perhaps it is a burden for good people to receive so many letters of appeal all the time, but the Gospel says, 'The poor you have always with you,' and some of the replies I receive are extremely edifying. Many people feel, too, that the prayers of our little ones repay them for their sacrifice. Many things may be left undone, but the prayer of the novena for our benefactors is never omitted, come what may."

Dr. Helen's Consulting Room

HELEN HUGHES HIELSCHER, M. D.

Dr. H. "Good morning, Mr. Rackham. Now that Mrs. Rackham and the little girl are doing well, we will talk about 'cancer,' in which you were so interested last summer. We cannot tell you many facts about the cause of cancer, but we can give you the benefit of a great deal of observation that is of infinite value to all of us, as we are at any time liable to the disease.

"We observe that cancer may occur in the skin, especially about the mouth or in the region of the eyes. At first it looks like a common sore with a disposition to form a scab. We should always suspect any such sore occurring after forty that does not heal within six weeks.

"Again, the cancer may be under the skin, showing as a painless lump that may be felt with the fingers. A very common location, especially in women, is the breast.

"Still another form of cancer is that which occurs in some of the deep organs of the body, as the stomach, liver, or kidneys. This form has no outward sign, but the patient seeks the aid of the doctor for pain or illness.

"There are many forms of cancer, and about every form there is enough known to fill a very big book, but I only want to tell you the thing that will help you toward a cure.

"Here are three things that I want you to take into your mind, and always remember: (1) Cancer kills in every case where it is allowed to run its course; (2) Cancer can be cured in practically every case that is taken in time; (3) In cancer the chance for life lessens with every day it is allowed to run.

"What should a patient do who finds that he has a cancer?

"Go to a surgeon under the advice of your family physician, who is much more capable of directing you than any of the neighbors. If you have no family physician, go to a good hospital. Do not have anything to do with those so-called cancer doctors, as the very name they give themselves implies a desire to deceive you.

"As to treatment: Some years ago the only treatment that the profession could offer was the removal of the growth by surgery, that is to say, by cutting it out. This method is still used in many cases, and has time and again proved its value, but within late years several methods have been added to this one. There are cases where the X ray acts well and effects a cure. There are also cases that yield to the violet light, and more powerful than either is radium, which has done wonders for this disease.

"Now you will naturally ask which of these treatments would you recommend? The answer is: the surgeon having charge of your case is the one that can give you an answer. He will study your particular case and use his judgment as to the best means to employ for your cure.

"At our next lesson I will talk about the things that we believe to cause cancer, and I hope you will all be present.

"Any of you that want some particular point cleared up or discussed can write me and an answer will appear in due time in THE GRAIL."

QUESTION BOX

Ques. How could a person cure a bad cold?

Ans. Colds are all bad, and they must be treated a good deal alike. As the cold is an infection arising from contact with some person that is so affected, and not the result of a draft or wet feet or any of various things blamed for it, we will have to consider it from a

scientific point of view. It is, we know, a general infection, and as a result of the poisons it elaborates, the whole system becomes highly acid, the vital forces are depressed, and the patient is tired and languid. He should be put to bed, covered comfortably, fed light, nourishing diet, and given a level teaspoonful of sodium bicarbonate, the common household saleratus, in a cup of hot water every three hours until four doses are taken. A few days in bed is, as far as we know, the best general treatment for a simple cold, and will in almost all cases cure it. Of course, what began with the symptoms of a simple cold may really be the beginning of pneumonia or bronchitis or influenza. Even if this is the case, we have lost nothing by putting the patient to bed and giving the alkaline treatment.

Ques. What is "shingles" and how can you cure it?

Ans. This is a common name for "herpes zoster," which is an affection of the nerves, showing in pain in the muscles of the back, irritable skin, and a shower of small red spots, often following the course of the dorsal nerves, or extending down the arms.

They appear frequently after hard mental effort or following an injury that has been accompanied with severe pain as the breaking of bones. Some source of poison within the body has been lately pointed out as a cause, such as infected roots of teeth, infected tonsils, infected gall bladder, or appendix.

Treatment varies but the patient should be under the care of a doctor who will locate the cause and remove it. In a general way, rest and building up the health is necessary. Lately vaccination with the ordinary cowpox is practiced by some, while others get good results from the use of the violet light.

Our Frontispiece

The first feast that holy Mother Church celebrates in the new civil year is that of the Circumcision, which commemorates the occasion on which the week-old Infant received the Holy Name of Jesus—Savior. In the Name of Jesus we should begin the year. That Name should be the emblem of our faith, the cause of our hope, the symbol of our love, our joy, our strength, our watchword. Look at this beautiful picture of the Christ Child by Ittenbach. The index finger of His left hand points to the monogram of the Holy Name embroidered on His tunic, whilst His right points heavenward. As we gaze upon the beautiful face we seem to see His lips part to utter the first petition of the model formula of prayer, the Our Father, "Hallowed be thy name."—"This is your first duty on earth, to desire my Heavenly Father's glory, that He be glorified in all things, especially in you when His kingdom comes. This kingdom will one day be your lot if your life on earth is a constant hallowing of God's Holy Name." Will we take this silent sermon to heart and carry out its lesson in deed?

Don't look for seas without a breeze

Or you'll be melancholy.

The ship that sails through strongest gales

Is manned by sailors jolly.

ELECTA D. WILLIAMSON.



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